

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

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No. 57.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1875.

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6^d.



A BALCONY AT CHISWICK: "DARK BLUE WINS!"

RAILWAYS.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

ENFIELD STEEPLECHASES. On **EASTER MONDAY** and **TUESDAY**, MARCH 29 and 30, Return Tickets to ENFIELD will be issued from King's-cross, Broad-street, Moor-gate-street, Victoria, and intermediate Stations.

FARES TO ENFIELD AND BACK, SAME DAY ONLY.

	1st.	2nd.	3rd.
Broad-street	2 6	1 10	1 4
Moor-gate-street	2 6	1 10	1 4
Aldersgate-street	2 6	1 10	1 4
Farringdon-street	2 6	1 10	1 4
Victoria (L. C. and D.)	3 3	2 5	1 9
Ludgate-hill	2 6	1 10	1 4
King's-cross (G. N. R.)	2 3	1 8	1 3

Additional Trains will be run to and from Enfield, in accordance with the requirements of the traffic.

The Great Northern Company's Enfield Station is close to the Racecourse. HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager. London, King's-cross Station, March, 1875.

SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS ON **EASTER MONDAY**, March 29, 1875, from London to the Seaside, &c. Leaving Charing-cross at 8.0 a.m., for DOVER, Folkestone, Shorncliffe, Westenhanger, Hythe, Sandgate, and Ashford; at 8.15 a.m., for RAMSGATE, Margate, Canterbury, Minster, Sandwich, and Deal; at 8.30 a.m., for HASTINGS, St. Leonards, and Tunbridge Wells, calling at Waterloo Junction, Cannon-street, London Bridge, and New-cross; returning same day, as per bills.

FARES THERE AND BACK:—

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5s.	10s.

Children under 12, Half Fares.

Tickets available for the day only, by Trains named. No luggage allowed. Also Cheap and frequent Trains to GRAVESEND, for Rosherville Gardens. JOHN SHAW, Manager and Secretary.

SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

EXTENSION OF TIME FOR RETURN TICKETS.

All EXPRESS and ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS for distances over Ten Miles, including those between London and Beckenham Junction, and the 10s. Third Return Tickets between London and Shorncliffe, Folkestone and Dover, issued on Thursday, March 25, and five following days, will be available for the Return Journey by any Train of the same description and class, on any day up to and including Wednesday, March 31.

The Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets to the Seaside, issued on Saturday, March 27, will also be available to return up to and including Wednesday, March 31.

This extension of time does not apply to the London and Gravesend Cheap Tickets, nor to those between London and Shalford and stations to Wellington College inclusive. JOHN SHAW, Manager and Secretary.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

NORTHAMPTON SPRING RACES.

On **TUESDAY** and **WEDNESDAY**, MARCH 30 and 31, a SPECIAL FAST TRAIN for NORTHAMPTON, by the Midland Company's New Direct Route, via Bedford, will run each day, as under:—

	a.m.	King's-cross (Met.)	a.m.
Victoria (L. C. and D.)	8 6	9 15	
Moor-gate-street	9 7	9 30	
Aldersgate-street	9 9	9 34	
Farringdon-street	9 11	9 36	
		Northampton, arrive about 11.20 a.m.	

The Return Train will leave Northampton at 6 p.m. each day, and the Tickets will be available for returning by this train and on the day of issue only.

Derby, March, 1875.

JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—ENFIELD

STEEPLECHASES.—**EASTER MONDAY** and **TUESDAY**, MARCH 29 and 30, 1875. Trains will run between LIVERPOOL-STREET and ENFIELD every quarter of an hour up to 8 p.m., leaving Liverpool-street at 10, 25, 40, and 55 minutes past each hour, calling at Bishopsgate and the intermediate stations, and returning from Enfield at 11, 26, 41, and 56 minutes after each hour. Fares to Enfield and back: From Bishopsgate (Low Level), 1st class, 2s. 3d.; 2nd class, 1s. 9d.; 3rd class, 1s. 3d. Liverpool-street, 1st class, 2s. 6d.; 2nd class, 1s. 10d.; 3rd class, 1s. 4d. London, March, 1875. S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

RACE AND STEEPLECHASE MEETINGS.

TRAIN ARRANGEMENTS OF THE LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH-COAST RAILWAY.

STREATHAM RACES, EASTER MONDAY. CONVENIENT TRAINS (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) to STREATHAM-COMMON STATION, close to the Course. From LONDON BRIDGE 11.30 a.m. and 12 noon, calling at New Cross, Forest Hill, Sydenham, Penge, Anerley, and Norwood; and from Victoria 10.50 a.m. and 12.10 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Returning from Streatham-common immediately after the Races.

SOUTHDOWN HUNT STEEPLECHASES.

RINGMER (near Lewes), **WEDNESDAY**, MARCH 31. FAST TRAINS (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) from Victoria 10 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; also from London Bridge 10.10 a.m., calling at Norwood Junction, Croydon, and Redhill Junction. Returning from Lewes 5.50 p.m. and 8.15 p.m. Frequent Ordinary and Special Trains (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) from Brighton to Lewes; returning after the Races. Cheap Return Tickets from Hastings, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, &c., to Lewes, by Ordinary Trains. See Handbills.

CROYDON RACES, THURSDAY and FRIDAY.

APRIL 1st and 2nd.—CHEAP TRAINS to NORWOOD JUNCTION as under:—

VICTORIA—10.15, 10.53, 11.20, and 11.25 a.m., and 1.20 p.m.; calling at York-road, Clapham Junction, and Balham.

KENSINGTON—10, 10.55, and 11.17 a.m., and 12.46 p.m.; calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea.

LONDON BRIDGE (Brighton Railway)—10.5, 10.15, 10.50, and 11.15 a.m., and 12.15 and 1.13 p.m.; calling at New-cross, Brockley, and Forest-hill.

Returning from Norwood Junction after the Races.

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THEATRES.

LYCEUM.—HAMLET.—MR. HENRY IRVING.

EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMLET, Hamlet, Mr. Henry Irving; Messrs. Swinbourne, Chippendale, Leathes, G. Neville, Mead, Conway, Clements, Beveridge, Webber, Beaumont, Compton, &c.; Miss G. Pauncefort, Miss Hampden, and Ophelia, Miss Isabel Bateman. Preceded, at 6.50, with FISH OUT OF WATER. Mr. Compton. Doors open at 6.30. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry

Neville, Sole Lessee and Manager.—162nd night of the great realistic drama of the day, THE TWO ORPHANS. THE GARRET SCENE, with its startling incidents, received with deafening applause. Superlative cast: Mr. Henry Neville and Miss Fowler, Messrs. William Rignold, Harcourt, Voltaire, Sugden, Roland, and Atkins; Mesdames Ernstone, Huntley, Harcourt, Hazleton, Taylor, and Charles Viner. At 7, TWENTY MINUTES WITH A TIGER; at 7.30, THE TWO ORPHANS. Box-office hours, 11 to 5. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Doors open at 6.30.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING,

at 7, A WHIRLIGIG. At 7.45, OUR BOYS, by Henry J. Byron. Concluding with the favourite Farce A REGULAR FIX. Supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Warner, W. H. Stephens, and David James; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended.

CRITERION THEATRE, Regent-circus, Piccadilly.

Sole Proprietors and responsible Managers, SPIERS and POND.—100th Night.—Every Evening, at 8, LES PRES SAINT-GERVAIS, new Comic Opera in English, by Charles Lecocq. Produced under the direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston. Principal Artists, Mesdames Pauline Rita, Camille Dubois, Lilian Adair, Florence Hunter, Emily Thorne; Messrs. A. Brenner, Connell, Hogan, Grantham, Loredan, and Perrini. Conductor, Mr. F. Stanislaus. The Opera commences at 8 and terminates at 11. Box-office open from 10 till 5. Acting Manager, Mr. EDWARD MURRAY.

SURREY THEATRE.—Lessee, W. Holland.—

GRAND SHAKSPEAREAN REVIVAL.—Every Evening at Eight, HAMLET. This great Tragedy will be supported by a most powerful Cast, and no expense spared to place it on the Stage in the most complete form ever witnessed. Hamlet, W. Creswick; King, Henry Forrester; Ghost, Henry Marston; Polonius, W. H. Stephens; Horatio, F. Shepherd; Laertes, H. C. Sidney; First Gravedigger, H. Nicholls; Gertrude, Eloise Juno; Ophelia, Marie Henderson. Doors open at Seven; commence at Half-past with Farce. Prices, 6d. to 3 guineas. Treasurer, Charles Holland; Secretary, Thomas B. Warne.

BARRY SULLIVAN'S FAREWELL of England,

Scotland, and Ireland, previous to his return visit to America. ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, LIVERPOOL, MARCH 27, for THIRTEEN NIGHTS. WORCESTER, KIDDERMINSTER, COVENTRY, &c., to follow. Business Manager, T. S. AMORY.

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Mr. C. J. Bishenden, the celebrated bass, will shortly make his FIRST APPEARANCE in OPERA-BOUFFE in London.

MRS. MARY GLADSTONE,

as ROSE MICHEL, GAITEY THEATRE, SATURDAY, MARCH 27.

The English Copyright of this Piece has been secured by Mr. John Hollingshead and Mrs. Mary Gladstone, and any person infringing this Right will be immediately proceeded against according to law.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—EASTER FESTIVITIES.

MONDAY to FRIDAY NEXT, MARCH 29 to APRIL 2.—Mr. Burnand's Burlesque, ROBIN HOOD, with new and elaborate Scenery, Ballets, and other effects. Characters by Misses Caroline Parkes, Lynd, Emily Doring, Marlborough, &c.; Messrs. Atkins, Frank Wood, George Yarnold, &c. Principal Dances, the Misses Elliott. Grand Ballet by M. Espinosa, LIKE MASTER, LIKE MAN—M. and Madame Espinosa, M. Josset, the Misses Elliott, &c. Captain Boyton in his Exhibition of his Newly-Invented Dress for Saving Life at Sea. Constant round of Amusements both in the Palace and Park throughout the day. Cricket, Boating, Archery, Quoits, Croquet, Swings, Roundabouts, &c. Open (on Monday) from Nine till Seven. Special trains at short intervals throughout the day. One Shilling.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—DOG SHOW, under the

Rules and Management of the Kennel Club.—The SIXTH GRAND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF SPORTING and other DOGS will take place on JUNE 1, 2, 3, and 4. The Harrier Show will be held on the two latter days only. Schedules (which contain 118 classes) and other information can be obtained at the Offices of the Kennel Club, No. 2, Albert Mansions, Victoria-street, London, S.W., on application to G. Lowe, Esq., Secretary. Entries close April 22.

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MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, BAKER-

STREET.—NOW ADDED, PORTRAIT MODELS OF LADY JANE GREY, the Duke and Duchess of EDINBURGH, the Czar of Russia, Sir Garnet Wolseley, the three Judges in the Tichborne Trial, Dr. Kenelby, the Claimant, the Shah of Persia, Marshal MacMahon, and the late Mr. Charles Dickens. Admission, 1s.; Children under twelve, 6d.; Extra Rooms, 6d. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.—ZOOLOGICAL

GARDENS, Regent's Park, OPEN on **EASTER MONDAY** and Four following days at Sixpence each.

MASKELYNE and COOKE.—PSYCHO, the

Greatest Wonder of 1875 and the latest EGYPTIAN HALL MYSTERY, is attracting the elite of London. Psycho, a small mechanical figure only 22in. high, plays a Game at Whist, and performs a series of conjuring tricks without the aid of confederates or the assistance of Mr. Maskelyne.

MASKELYNE and COOKE.—EGYPTIAN HALL,

Piccadilly.—DAILY, at 3 and 8. Admission, from 5s. to 1s. Seats can be booked, free of charge, at the Hall, and all the principal agents in City and West End. W. MORTON, Manager.

BY ROYAL COMMAND.—Messrs. MASKELYNE

and COOKE gave their marvellous ENTERTAINMENT at SANDRINGHAM, on Jan. 11, before H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, and a large party of distinguished guests.

DR. LYNN, as a humourist (says the "Times"), used to compete on equal terms with Artemus Ward, and his performance is the most wonderful and amusing that ever composed an evening's entertainment.

DR. LYNN.—Well may the public also ask, What will Dr. Lynn do next! and an answer to the inquiry will be found below. The "Daily Telegraph" says the entertainment throughout has never been equalled, and that legerdemain and laughter have never been linked together in such happy combination.

DR. LYNN.—The "Standard" says it is impossible to withhold the homage of admiration from Dr. Lynn's achievements, and that the discourse which accompanies Dr. Lynn's marvellous doings is an amusing performance in itself. What more can be said or written about the great original performer of ancient and modern mysteries?

DR. LYNN.—PALENGENESIA.—"Nothing has been seen in the metropolis that will bear comparison with Dr. Lynn's achievements."—Morning Post.

DR. LYNN.—THIS AFTERNOON, at 3, and THIS EVENING, at 8; every lawful day throughout the year, at 3 and 8.—EGYPTIAN LARGE HALL. No fees; no charge for programme.

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CHARLES ROBERTS' STAR LOUNGE CORNER CLUB-ROOMS,
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Notice.—No Booking Fees.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1875.

The Drama.

THE leading event of the week was the successful production at the Adelphi, on Saturday night, of Mr. Halliday's new dramatic version of *Nicholas Nickleby*, of which a notice appears in another column. Numerous minor changes usual at this immediate period have to be noted. In consequence of the University Boat-Race on Saturday the usual day performances at the Haymarket and Globe were suspended, to be resumed to-day; but Mr. Hollingshead provided for the Gaiety matinée Lecocq's comic opera, *The Island of Bachelors*, supported by his Gaiety operative company, who had appeared in this opera at the Opera Comique the previous evening, and repeated it there on Saturday evening, when Mr. Hollingshead terminated these performances, although originally announced to be continued this week.

At the Gaiety on Friday *John Bull* was played for the last time, and on Saturday night, when Mr. Phelps closed his present engagement, a miscellaneous programme was provided, consisting of selections from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Man of the World*, and *Henry VIII.*, with Mr. Phelps as 'Falstaff,' 'Sir Pertinax Macsycophant,' and 'Wolsey'; there were also selections from *Randall's Thumb*, *As You Like It*, and *The Merchant of Venice*, for Mr. Herman Vezin; the whole concluding with the musical farce of *The Waterman*. On Monday and three following days the programme given here consisted of Lord Lytton's *Money*, with Mr. Herman Vezin as 'Evelyn,' Mr. Cecil as 'Sir Frederick Blount,' Mr. Righton as 'Stout,' Mr. Belford as 'Dudley Smooth,' Mr. Maclean as 'Sir John Vesey,' Mr. Taylor as 'Graves,' Miss Carlotta Addison as 'Clara Douglas,' Miss Ritta as 'Georgina Vesey,' and Mrs. Leigh as 'Lady Franklin'; followed by *Trombalcazar*, with Miss Constance Loseby as 'Gigolette,' Mr. C. Lyell as 'Beaujolais,' &c. Mr. Hollingshead takes his company to Manchester to play *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, at Easter, and during their absence Mr. Campbell Clarke's adaptation of the great Parisian drama, *Rose Michel*, will be represented at the Gaiety, the first performance taking place to-night, when Mrs. Gladstone and Miss Bessie Hollingshead make their first appearance at this theatre, supported by a new company.

On Saturday night Mr. Hengler closed his highly successful equestrian season at the Royal Cirque in Argyll-street. *Arvan-na-Pogue* was represented for the last time at the Surrey, which has remained closed since, to reopen to-night with Mr. Creswick, for a series of his leading impersonations, commencing with 'Hamlet,' in which he will be supported by a very strong cast, including Mr. Henry Marston as the 'Ghost,' Mr. H. Forrester as the 'King,' Mr. W. H. Stephens as 'Polonius,' Mr. F. Shepherd as 'Horatio,' Mr. H. C. Sydney as 'Laertes,' Mr. Nicholls as the 'First Gravedigger,' Miss Eloise Juno (from Melbourne) as the 'Queen,' and Miss Marie Henderson as 'Ophelia'; and Miss Litton and her Court company terminated the engagement at the Standard, where their performances in *Brighton* and *Peacock's Holiday*, for the last three weeks, have given unqualified delight to the Orientals. Pending the production of Easter novelties here on Monday next, a series of English operas have been given during the week, consisting of *The Bohemian Girl*, *La Sonnambula*, and *Il Trovatore*, supported by Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Arabella Smyth (Madame de Solla), and Messrs. George Perren, Parkinson, Nordblom, and Bremis.

At the Haymarket the late Mr. Robertson's comedy, *Home*, was represented for the last time on Saturday evening, and the theatre has remained closed since, with the exception of Wednesday night, when a special performance took place by Mr. Coe's pupils, who appeared in two comedies, *My Wife's Daughter* and *Married Life*. The regular performances will be resumed to-day with the usual Saturday afternoon representation of *Our American Cousin*, which will also be given in the evening, and will be continued for a few representations previous to the revival of *David Garrick*. Planché's comedietta of *The Loan of a Lover*, with Miss Minnie Walton as 'Gertrude,' will also be included in the nightly programme.

A crowded audience attended the new Alexandra Theatre, at Camden Town, on Saturday night, on the occasion of the first benefit of Mr. Thorpe Pede, the manager of this exceed-

ingly pretty house, who is favourably known as an accomplished musical composer. The programme was both varied and attractive, the chief features being a sensational melodrama, *Under the Gaslight*, which has enjoyed considerable popularity in America, and which was produced here very effectively, and Lecocq's operetta of *Eighteen Years in One Hour*. These two pieces were received with hearty applause, and will continue to be represented for some time.

At the Marylebone Don Edgardo Colono, the Mexican tragedian, commenced a short engagement on Saturday night to appear successively as *Hamlet*, *Richard III.*, *Othello*, and *The Stranger*. Mr. Joseph A. Cave, who has so long and ably conducted this theatre, retires from the management, having been recently appointed manager of the Alhambra. The Marylebone, however, will continue open under the direction of Mr. Albert West.

At the Philharmonic Theatre, Monday night was devoted to the benefit of Miss Rose Hersee, who appeared in selected scenes from the operas of *Maritana*, *Faust*, and *Lucia*; Tuesday, for that of Miss Munroe, who selected *The Bohemian Girl*, in which she sustained the rôle of 'Arlene'; and the operatic season was brought to a close by the benefit of Mr. Shepherd, on Wednesday, when *Fra Diavolo* was represented, with other entertainments. An entire change of entertainments will take place, and a new company appear, at this house on Easter Monday, when a new comedy-drama and a grand burlesque will be produced, in the latter of which Miss Nelly Power will sustain the leading character.

Mr. John Baum, who is retiring from the management of the Alhambra, took his farewell benefit there on Monday, when two performances, morning and evening, were given, and attracted crowded audiences, especially in the evening. In addition to the farce of *The Rough Diamond*, in which Miss Kate Santley cleverly sustained the principal character, and the opera bouffe of *Whittington*, with its "barbaric ballet" of unsurpassed splendour a new operetta composed by M. G. Jacobi, and entitled *The Fifteenth of October*, was produced, and several popular artistes lent their aid, including the Vokes family, who appeared in the merry farce of *The Belles of the Kitchen*, and the Lauri family, with one of their comic ballets. In the course of the evening's entertainment Mr. Baum delivered a brief and gracefully expressed valedictory address.

The series of English plays at the Crystal Palace was brought to a close by two Shakspearean representations. On Tuesday *Othello*, supported by Mr. Creswick, Mr. Herman Vezin, Miss Carlisle, and Miss Genevieve Ward; and on Thursday, *As You Like It*, by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. Herman Vezin, Mr. E. Saker, Miss Carlisle, Miss Annie Goodall, &c. It is most probable that Mr. Charles Wyndham will organise another series after Easter.

The usual performance of *Our American Cousin*, with Mr. Sothorn as 'Dumreary,' will take place at the Haymarket this afternoon, and the comedy will be repeated in the evening, in conjunction with *The Loan of a Lover*, with Miss Minnie Walton as 'Gertrude.' Miss E. Farren will make her reappearance at the Gaiety matinée in *The Princess of Trebizonde*, which will be preceded by Sullivan's operetta of *Cox and Box*, in which Miss Constance Loseby will make her last appearance here this season. In the evening Mr. Campbell Clarke's English adaptation of the great French melodrama, *Rose Michel*, now being performed with great success at the Ambigu Comique, Paris, will be produced for the first time, in which Mrs. Mary Gladstone will make her London debut and Miss Bessie Hollingshead her first appearance at this theatre, supported by Messrs. Ryder, J. C. Cowper, Edgar Tearle, Hall, Leigh, and Forrester.

Miss Litton reopens the St. James's Theatre to-night with Mr. F. Marshall's successful comedy of *Brighton*, with the Court cast, and a revival of Brough's burlesque, *Conrad and Medora*, with Miss Henrietta Hodson as 'Conrad,' Miss Litton as 'Medora,' Mr. Carlos Florentine (a débutant) as 'Yussuf,' supported by the entire Court company in the other characters. The burlesque is to be mounted with new scenery by Mr. W. Ham; Mr. Ch. Dubois has arranged new music; Mr. Henry S. Leigh written new songs; and the dresses are from designs by Mr. Wallis Mackay. At the Globe, *Blue Beard*, remounted with new scenery, costumes, &c., will be supplemented by a new drama, entitled *The Guinea Stamp*. The hundredth consecutive representation of the charming opera, *Les Près Saint Gervais*, will be celebrated at the Criterion; and Mr. Creswick, supported by a strong cast, appears as 'Hamlet' at the Surrey. The current programmes at the other theatres continue still so attractive as to render any change for Easter unnecessary. *The Two Orphans* at the Olympic, *Sweethearts* and *Society* at the Prince of Wales's, *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville, *The New Magdalen* at the Charing Cross, and *La Perichole* at the Royalty, which, however, was to be supplemented on Thursday evening by a novel and entirely original dramatic cantata, by Arthur Sullivan and W. S. Gilbert, under the title of *Trial by Jury*, with Miss Nelly Bromley and Mr. Walter Fisher as the exponents of the leading rôles; while *Lady Flora* at the Court, *Round the World in Eighty Days* at the Princess's, and *Nicholas Nickleby* at the Adelphi have only just been launched.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

"NICHOLAS NICKLEBY."

Mr. Andrew Halliday's new dramatic version of *Nicholas Nickleby*, produced with unmistakable success at the Adelphi on Saturday evening, is confined nearly altogether to the suffering career and persecution of the poor boy 'Smike,' as set forth in the Dotheboys' Hall episode in Mr. Dickens's elaborate novel. Out of this meagre fragment, and retaining only the few characters closely interwoven with this portion of the story, Mr. Halliday has, with great adroitness and skill, framed a tolerably coherent little drama in three acts, complete in itself, and perfectly intelligible without any acquaintance with the original. The story opens at 'Ralph's' office, where we are introduced to some of the leading personages, including 'Ralph' and his drudge, 'Newman Noggs,' 'Nicholas' and his mother and sister 'Kate,' and, finally, the mysterious 'Brooker,' the returned convict. Here 'Ralph' arranges for his nephew 'Nicholas' to accept the situation of tutor to 'Whackford Squeers,' the Yorkshire schoolmaster, and to provide for the ladies in his absence. Then, after the breakfast scene at the Saracen's head, of 'Squeers' and his wretched pupils, the act ends with the departure of 'Nicholas,' 'Squeers,' and his pupils on the outside of a real stage-coach, drawn by four real horses, &c., from the yard of the Saracen's Head Inn, Snow-hill. This scene of great bustle and realism is loudly applauded. Act 2 takes place in Yorkshire, where we are shown the internal economy of Dotheboys Hall, the cruelty of 'Squeers,' the administration to the boys of brimstone and treacle by 'Mrs. Squeers,' the highly amusing scene of 'Fanny Squeers' tea-party, her mincing advances to 'Nicholas,' and her friend 'Tilda Price's' flirtations with the handsome young tutor, thereby rousing the jealous ire of her hearty Yorkshire lover, 'John Browdie.' Then follow the sufferings of 'Smike' at the hands of 'Squeers;' his rescue by 'Nicholas,' who soundly thrashes the schoolmaster and,

then escapes with 'Smike,' and, by the friendly aid of the open-handed 'John Browdie,' they proceed to London, whither we find them in the third act, where 'Ralph' and 'Squeers,' with the aid of 'Snawley,' plot to regain possession of 'Smike,' but are completely foiled through the instrumentality of 'Newman Noggs'; and the drama ends with the death of poor 'Smike' in the presence of 'Ralph,' who then learns that the victim of his persecution is his own son. The success of the new piece was secured, in a great measure, by the excellence of the acting. Almost every character is realised to the life, and a more complete ensemble it would be difficult to find, even on the best French stage. Each of the characters, in dress and make up, is identical with the original illustrations. Where all are so characteristically excellent, it is difficult to award the palm to any individual. Mr. J. Fernandez, as the cold-blooded and cynical 'Ralph,' Mr. John Clarke as 'Squeers,' Mr. Terris as 'Nicholas,' are faithful reproductions of the author's creations. The 'Newman Noggs' of Mr. Belmore, and the genial, blunt Yorkshire farmer, 'John Browdie,' of Mr. Samuel Emery, are finished portraits of the highest histrionic art; and deservedly shared in the hearty applause which the touching delineation of the miseries of 'Smike' by Miss Lydia Foote continually called forth. Mr. J. G. Shore and Mr. T. C. Smith lend efficient aid as 'Brooker' and 'Snawley.' Mrs. Nickleby and Kate, in this version, are little more than cyphers, and so much is not required of their representatives (Mrs. Addie and Miss Edith Stuart); but Mrs. Alfred Mellon as Mrs. Squeers, Miss Harriet Coveney as Fanny Squeers, and Miss Hudspeth as Tilda Price, are most effective and amusing. The humorous farce of *The Belles of the Kitchen*, supported by the lively Vokes family, concludes the entertainment.

CRITERION THEATRE.—With its attractiveness still undiminished, Mr. Robert Reece's English version of Lecocq's melodious opera, *Les Près Saint Gervais*, will reach its hundredth consecutive representation at this theatre to-night, an event unprecedented in operatic annals. This sustained success is well deserved and easily accounted for. In the first place, the music throughout is bright, melodious, and taking; is admirably rendered by all engaged in it—Madame Pauline Rita, Mdlle. Camille Dubois, Miss Emily Thorne, Messrs. A. Brenner, Connell, Perrini, and the other principal artistes distinguishing themselves as much by their pointed and humorous acting as by their effective singing; secondly, the story of itself, without the music, is interesting as a charming little comedy; and, finally, there is an elegance and air of refinement about the whole production, and it is most daintily put on the stage. In consequence of its great success, and for the convenience of families residing in the suburbs, a morning performance of *Les Près Saint Gervais* is announced for Saturday next, April 3.

DR. LYNN.—A very agreeable addition has just been made to the programme of Dr. Lynn's popular entertainment at the Egyptian Hall. Mr. Morris, Dr. Lynn's manager, has engaged two Italian ladies, the Sisters Gerbaldi, of Turin, who in the interval between the parts of the entertainment perform duets on two pianos with singular skill, power, and graceful expression. They have a varied repertory of pieces expressly written or arranged for them, and on Tuesday afternoon, when we had the pleasure of hearing them, these accomplished pianoduettists displayed marvellous facility of execution, delicacy and refinement of touch, and command of the instruments in a difficult arrangement of Verdi's *Trovatore*, and which was warmly applauded.

ROYAL PATRONAGE OF THE THEATRES.—The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh visited the Globe Theatre on Thursday evening (last week), and on the following evening their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), the Marquis of Lorne, and suite, honoured the Court Theatre with their presence; and her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice, attended by Lady Caroline Barrington, Lady Campbell, Mdlle. Morelli, Miss Mary Grey, and Sir Francis Seymour, K.C.B., attended the performance of *Hamlet* at the Lyceum.

MR. J. K. EMMET is expected to arrive from America early in May, on a professional visit to this country.

MISS NELLY POWER returns to the stage, having accepted an engagement at the Philharmonic Theatre, Islington, where she appears next Monday in a new burlesque, entitled *The Talisman*.

A NEW DRAMA, entitled *The Guinea Stamp*, will be produced on Monday at the Globe, where, on the same evening, *Blue Beard* will be remounted, with new scenery, new costumes, and new music.

MISS LITTON inaugurates her new enterprise in the management of the St. James's Theatre to-night with Mr. F. Marshall's highly-successful comedy of *Brighton*, with the original Court cast, and a revival of the late Mr. Brough's extravaganza of *Conrad and Medora*, in which Miss Henrietta Hodson sustains the principal character.

TOM COBB is the title of the new farcical comedy written by Mr. W. S. Gilbert for Miss Litton at the St. James's Theatre.

MR. NEVILLE announces his intention to revive *The Ticket of Leave Man* at the Olympic. It was as 'Bob Brierly' in this successful drama that Mr. Neville made his first great hit in London, and at the theatre he now so prosperously conducts.

MISS E. FARREN, who has been fulfilling a special engagement for the pantomime at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, since Christmas, makes her re-appearance in London at the Gaiety matinée to-day in *The Princess of Trebizonde*.

M. A. PITRON commences his season of French plays at the Opera Comique next Monday, when Victorien Sardou's celebrated play of *La Famille Benoiton* will be represented, Mdlle. Andree Kelly, of the Gymnase, Paris, and Mdlle. Baltig, of the Vaudeville, sustaining the principal characters.

MR. HORACE WIGAN, who is about to open the Holborn Theatre, has altered the name of that house to "The Mirror." Mr. J. B. Howard, Miss Louisa Moore, and Miss Kate Phillips are among the artists already engaged by Mr. Wigan.

MR. W. STACEY, of the Surrey, is to be the new manager of the Surrey Gardens.

SPECIAL entertainments for Easter take place at Cremorne, under Mr. J. Baum; at North Woolwich, under Mr. W. Holland, "the People's Caterer;" and at Rosherville. These were to commence yesterday, and to continue to-day and Easter Monday and Tuesday.

At length the last nights of the charming and successful bouffonnerie, *Loo*; or, *the Party who Took Miss*, are announced at the Strand, where it will be replaced next week by a new bouffonnerie musicale by Mr. Farnie, under the title of *Intimidated*; or, *The Lost Regalia*.

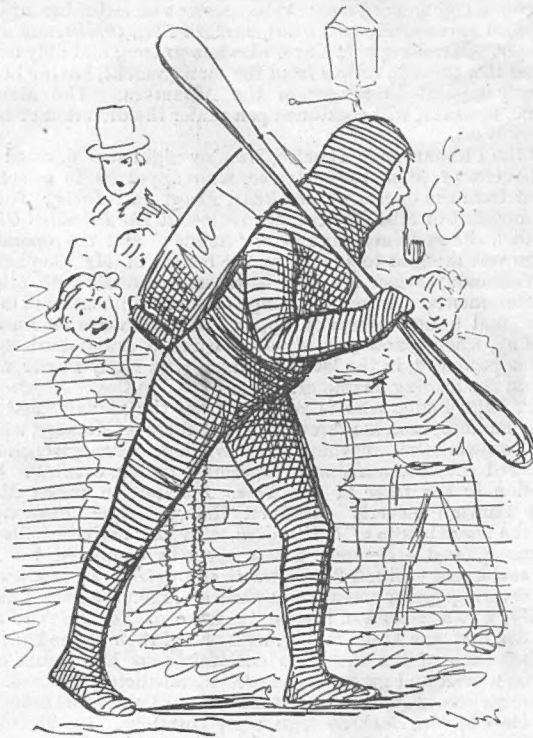
MR. MAPLESON announces the engagement of Signor Salvini, a celebrated Italian tragedian, who will appear as 'Othello' on Thursday and Saturday next at Drury Lane Theatre, supported by a company of Italian actors.

DEATH OF MR. H. L. BATEMAN.—The public will deeply regret to learn that Mr. H. L. Bateman, lessee and manager of the Lyceum Theatre, died rather suddenly on Monday evening. The performances at the Lyceum have in consequence been suspended till Monday.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC AT THE BOAT-RACE.



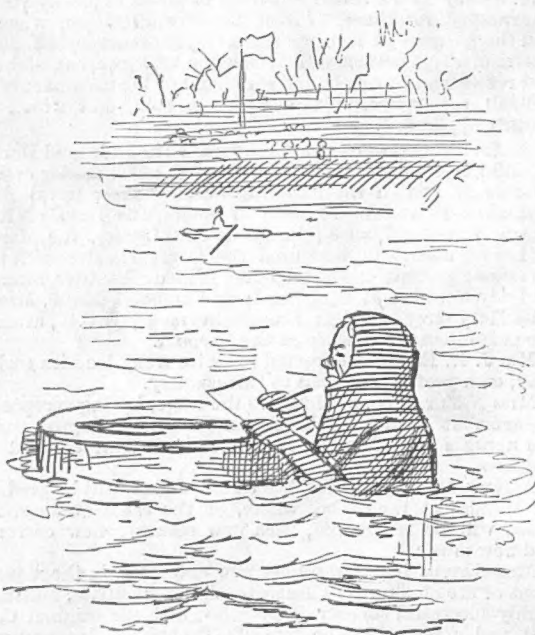
Believing the ordinary modes of attending the race to be absurd and uncomfortable, he adopts Captain Boyton's dress.



Unfortunately, cannot get a cab, and is subjected to the jeers of the unenlightened crowd.



No sooner in the water than he is ruthlessly rescued by the life-boat men who happened to be upon the spot.



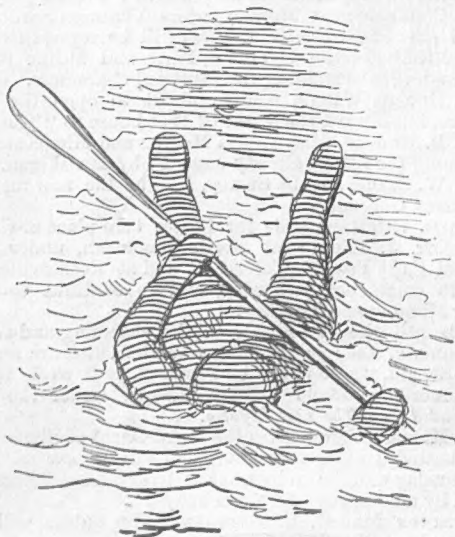
Matters explained, he gets afloat once more and prepares for action.



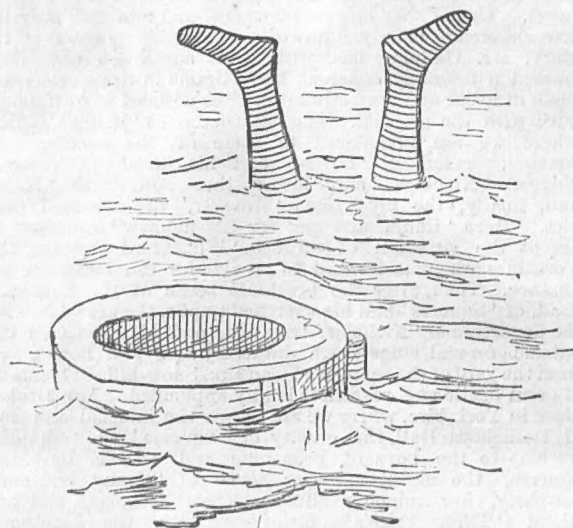
The long delay suggests lunch in a quiet nook; he is, however, disturbed by the elegant but obtrusive swan.



He is effectually extricated from the position by the Thames Conservancy.



The murmur of the crowd indicates the approaching boats: he paddles hastily to the scene.

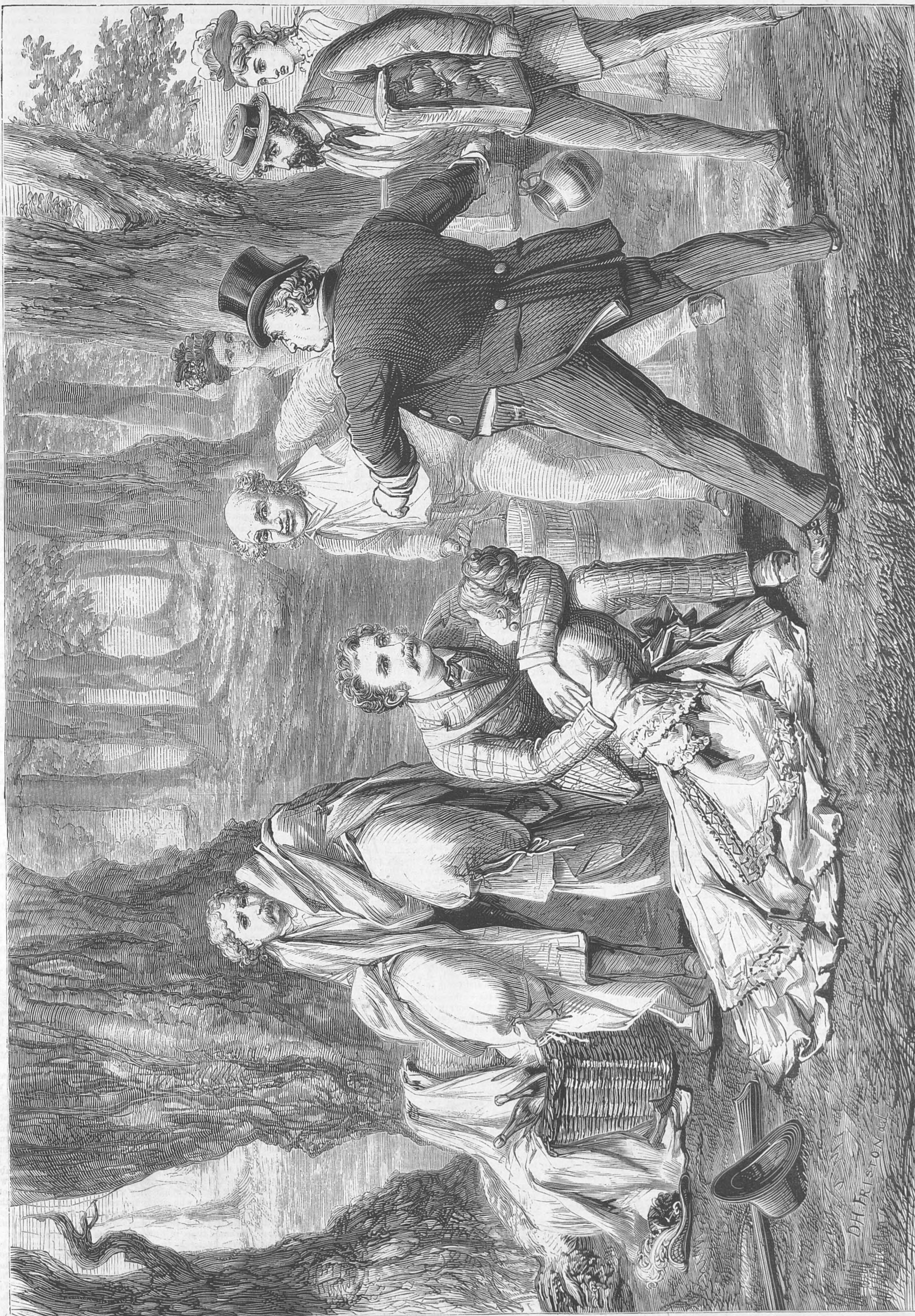


But, unfortunately, loses his balance just as they are passing.

Respected Sir
Oxford has won.
The Boat Race
is a fraud.
I am
Your damped
Captious Critic

This is the copy we have received from him on the subject.

(Ed. I. S. & D. N.)



SCENE FROM "BRIGHTON," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Music.

Music intended for notice in the *Monthly Review of New Music*, on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday. Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

On the 10th of next month Her Majesty's Opera season at Drury-Lane Theatre will be inaugurated. Mr. Mapleson has issued his prospectus, and it is evident that he has done all that was possible to secure success. In the opening paragraph it is stated that the performances of Her Majesty's Opera company will this season be given at Drury Lane, "pending the completion of the Grand National Opera-House now in course of erection on the Victoria Embankment;" from which there seems reason to hope that the recent rumours respecting the abandonment of that project may prove to be unfounded. If we are correctly informed, the plot of ground on the Embankment was let to Mr. Mapleson by the Board of Works on payment of a large deposit (we believe £8000), with an agreement for a long lease, on condition of a building, value £80,000, being erected thereon within twelve months. Failing the fulfilment of this condition, the deposit would, of course, be forfeited. It has recently been stated that the capitalists who had undertaken to provide the necessary funds are now disinclined to do so for any object but a purely "national" opera-house. Whatever may be said in praise of sentiments so patriotic, it seems hardly credible that any body of gentlemen could allow a large deposit to be paid on the faith of their promises, and then forfeit their words; and, as Mr. Mapleson's prospectus speaks positively on the subject, we hope the proposed opera-house will be ready for the season of 1876. Competition is always beneficial to the public, not merely in commercial but also in artistic matters; and past experience has shown that there is abundant room for two great Italian opera companies in London. The fact is in itself a striking commentary on the sneers of foreign musicians against the "unmusical" character of the English. At Paris, St. Petersburg, Milan, Naples, Cairo, and other great cities, the Italian opera companies are helped by State subscriptions; yet in none of these places is it found possible to maintain more than one Italian opera troupe worthy the name. In London alone is the spectacle annually presented of two Italian opera companies playing simultaneously and presenting the cream of musical talent, both companies being supported solely by the aid of the public, without any kind of adventitious help. Last week we gave an account of the arrangements made by Mr. Gye for the ensuing season of the Royal Italian Opera, and a glance at the provisions made by Mr. Mapleson for the 1875 season of Her Majesty's Opera will suffice to show that the combined exertions of the two enterprising managers will enable the British public to hear almost every operatic artist who at this time occupies a first-rate position in the world of art.

Madame Christine Nilsson heads Mr. Mapleson's list of artists, and her name is a "tower of strength." She is not only a finished vocalist but a consummate actress, and there is an indescribable fascination about her which exercises a powerful sway over every audience. The quality of her voice is charming, and she has latterly gained an increase of vocal power which has enabled her to undertake the tragic rôles which were supposed to belong exclusively to the *prima donna drammatica*. Excepting Adelina Patti, there is no living artist who combines, with the highest kind of vocal endowments, so much of finished cultivation and dramatic versatility. The illness which disabled her from singing at the inauguration of the Paris Grand Opera appears to have entirely disappeared, if we may judge from the accounts given by the French provincial journals of her brilliant successes in the concert tour for which she has been engaged by Mr. Ullmann; and from private sources of information we learn that her beautiful voice has never been in finer order than at the present moment.

Next on the list stands Mdle. Elena Varesi, of whose antecedents we gave an account last week. Of her future great anticipations have been formed, and her début will be awaited with interest. Mdle. Singelli and Madame Marie Roze will again add to the attractiveness of the company; and Mdle. Carlotta Grossi, one of the best among soprani leggieri, will make her rentrée, after an absence of two years. A début will be made by Mdle. Felicità Pernini, of whom report speaks highly; Mdle. Risarelli will resume her former post; and the list of soprani contains the name of Mdle. Bauermeister, one of the most useful and popular members of the company.

The contralti are two in number, and both good. Madame Demeric-Lablache is a valuable acquisition, and in certain characters cannot be surpassed. Madame Trebelli-Bettini is the first of existing operatic contralti. Equally good in tragedy or comedy, and possessing a delicious velvety voice of the most sympathetic quality, cultivated to the highest possible pitch of excellence, she is one of the most attractive and popular of modern artists.

The list of lady artists is fitly closed with the name of Mdle. Titiens. This great artist stands unrivalled in the purely dramatic rôles of opera, and no one at the present time can approach her in the impersonation of such characters as 'Norma,' 'Medea,' or 'Lucrezia Borgia.' Such rôles are, nevertheless, very trying; and it is to be hoped that Mdle. Titiens will carefully husband her rare powers, and not allow her zeal to over-pass discretion by leading her to dispense with reasonable repose.

The list of tenors is headed by M. Capoul, who enjoys a high reputation, but who is in our opinion surpassed by other tenors in the same list—notably by Signor Fancelli, whose voice is one of the best extant, and who sings in the purest Italian style. We well remember hearing poor Mongini say that Fancelli was the only man whose rivalry he really dreaded, but that the managers seemed resolved to give him no chance. Signor Campanini, again, is in almost every respect superior to M. Capoul; unless, since his last appearance here, the latter artiste have made extraordinary improvement. We shall be glad, in that case, to render full justice to him. One of the successful tenor débutants of last season, Signor Gillandi, is re-engaged; and Signor Brignoli, formerly a popular member of the Royal Italian Opera Company, will also appear. Signor Bignardi and Signor Puzetta will make débuts; and Signori Paladini, Rinaldini, and Grazzi will fill the second-tenor rôles.

The list of baritoni, bassi-centrali, and bassi profondi includes some good names. Signor Rota heads the list, and next comes Signor de Reschi. Both became favourites last season. Signor Rota is a highly cultivated and intelligent artiste. Signor de Reschi is almost in his novitiate; but he has the advantage of possessing a rich, sympathetic voice, and sings with a refinement of style which does credit to Signor Cotogni, his able instructor. Signor Galassi is announced as the successor of Agnesi in the rôle of 'Assur' (*Semiramide*), and some curiosity will be felt as to his qualifications as an interpreter of florid Rossinian music. His voice is of fine quality, although he has hitherto endangered it by singing with too "open" a production of high notes. Signori Castelmari, Catalani, Costa,

Zoboli, and Casaboni resume their former positions; and the list is closed by the name of Herr Conrad Behrens, who has, probably, by this time learned to Italianise his style of singing. The loss of Signor Agnesi and Mr. Perkins will be severely felt; but Mr. Mapleson has evidently done his best under the circumstances.

Sir Michael Costa retains the post of conductor and musical director, with M. Sainton as first violin, MM. Li Calsi and F. H. Cowen as pianists, Mr. Smythson chorus-master, Mr. William organist, Mr. F. Godfrey director of the military (Coldstream Guards) Band, and Signor Rialp as prompter. The scenic artist will be Mr. Beverly, the decorations will be intrusted to Mr. Bradwell, the machinery to Mr. Tucker, and the costumiers will be Miss Ansell and Mr. Coombes. Mr. Edward Stirling will again be stage-manager; and the assistant stage-manager will be Mr. Augustus Harris, who last season in that capacity, and more recently as stage-manager during Mr. Mapleson's provincial tour, has shown that he inherits much of the *savoir faire* of his lamented father.

After the opera comes (or used to come) the ballet. The numerous admirers of Mdle. Blanche Ricois will be glad to learn that, assisted by Mdle. Rosina Viale, that charming and graceful danseuse will again delight their eyes; and the general excellence of the ballet arrangements will be guaranteed by the appointment of Mr. J. Cornack as ballet-master.

With this array of talent Mr. Mapleson undertakes the season of 1875. Following an ancient and questionable custom, he gives a long list of the operas which will be produced during the season, with the names of the artists who are to play the chief characters. He thus stands needlessly committed to a programme which many unforeseen circumstances may compel him to alter; and it will, indeed, be surprising if that programme be fully verified by results. Only two novelties are promised. One of these is a four-act opera, *Gli Ananti di Verona*, by a French amateur, the Marquis d'Ivry. The fact that Gounod's version of the same story is to be produced at Covent Garden, with Patti as 'Juliet,' may possibly lead to the production of the Marquis d'Ivry's setting of Shakspeare's play at Drury Lane, with Nilsson as 'Juliet,' but we are not very sanguine on the subject. The other novelty is Richard Wagner's often-promised *Lohengrin*, which is in active preparation. The cast is undoubtedly strong, including Madame Christine Nilsson, 'Elsa,' Signor Campanini, 'Lohengrin,' Behrens, 'Enrico,' Galassi, 'Telramando,' Costa, 'The King's Herald,' and Mdle. Titiens as 'Ortruda.'

It will be seen that Mr. Mapleson has done all in his power to "deserve success,"—and we hope that it may abundantly reward his spirited efforts.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

A musical society which inaugurates its sixty-third season under prosperous auspices, and shows no indications of prospective weakness, may claim respect on the score of its longevity alone; but the Philharmonic Society of London has higher claims on public esteem, for the very fact of its long-continued prosperity implies its adherence to the highest and best, and therefore the most enduring, principles of art. The history of this famous society is to a great extent a history of musical progress in England, where conservative principles are always found to delay the too rapid introduction of novelty in art as in social and political matters. Last week the first concert of the sixty-third season was given at St. James's Hall, and was worthy the reputation of the society. The first part of the concert was devoted exclusively to the works of the late lamented Sterndale Bennett, for many years conductor of the orchestra which is now ably directed by his successor, Mr. W. G. Cusins; and, in reference to the long connection of the great English musician with the Philharmonic Society, the directors, in their letter of sympathy and condolence to his children (printed in the concert programme), point with just gratification to the fact that "The Philharmonic Society claims the proud distinction of having discovered and fostered Sir Sterndale Bennett's genius from the very first; and in return he has from time to time honoured this old institution by giving several of his beautiful works to the world for the first time at its concerts." The concert commenced with Bennett's "Orchestral Prelude to the Music of Sophocles' *Ajax*," composed expressly for the Philharmonic Society, and first played at the concert of July 8, 1872—a beautiful and characteristic composition, descriptive of the last moments and death of Ajax. This was followed by the "Funeral March," performed on this occasion for the first time; doubly interesting from its intrinsic beauty, and from the fact that it is "the very latest composition of him whom we honour as much as we regret." The march, which is in the key of C minor, is not only suitable in dignity and sentiment to the musical idea which it embodies, but, considered merely as abstract music, is a noble piece of inspiration; full of sublimity and pathos, utterly free from vulgar artifice, and elaborated with that consummate mastery which produces great effects by apparently simple means. That the "last song of the swan" should be so redolent of pathetic solemnity seemed to be sadly fitting; and the only drawback to the complete enjoyment of it was the reflection that its creator was no more, and could not witness the enthusiastic appreciation with which it was received. The first part of the concert concluded with a performance of Bennett's sacred cantata *The Woman of Samaria*, the principal vocalists being Miss Edith Wynne, Mrs. Patey, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley, who did their work admirably. The choruses were sung in excellent style by students of the Royal Academy of Music, and the cantata was altogether successfully performed, the now well-known quartet "God is a Spirit" being, as usual, encores.

In the second part of the concert Herr Joachim played superbly Mendelssohn's violin concerto in E minor. Mrs. Patey sang "The eyes of the Lord," from the oratorio *Gideon* by Mr. Cusins; Mr. Cummings sang Mozart's "Dalla sua pace," and the concert concluded with Weber's overture, "The Ruler of the Spirits." The orchestra was fully up to the mark, and was ably directed by Mr. Cusins. The excellent annotations to the programme were from the pen of Mr. G. A. Macfarren, and the general arrangements, under the management of the courteous secretary, Mr. Stanley Lucas, were such as to ensure the comfort of the large and brilliant audience.

Mr. BENJAMIN LUMLEY, formerly manager of the Italian Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, died last week at the age of sixty-four. During a portion of his life he played so important a part in the operatic world that a few lines respecting him will not be out of place here. Mr. Lumley, in 1842, assumed the direction of Her Majesty's Theatre, at that time the only Italian Opera-house in London; and, with Costa as conductor, Grisi as first soprano, Mario as first tenor, and Lablache as first basso, to say nothing of bright though smaller stars, he was brilliantly successful. Four years later he was deserted by all the artists above named, and had to contend with the powerful opposition established at Covent Garden under the management of Mr. Gye. Fortunately for him, he engaged Jenny Lind, who soon became the idol of the public, but only

remained at the opera for a short time; and Her Majesty's Theatre was closed from 1852 till 1856, when he reopened it with Piccolomini and Giuglini. The year 1858 witnessed the début of Mdle. Titiens—a memorable event in operatic history. In that year Mr. Lumley gave up management, and has since lived in a retirement which has been cheered by the friendship of those who valued his many sterling merits. It is said that he has left behind him an autobiography, which could hardly fail to prove one of the most interesting contributions to modern social literature.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI, we regret to learn (from the Continental journals), is for the present unable to fulfil her engagement at Vienna, owing to the serious illness of her husband, the Marquis de Caux.

SIGNOR SCHIUA has made a great success at Venice with his opera, *Selvaggia*. When first produced at the San Fenice the artists engaged were imperfect, and the work met with only moderate success. It is now received with enthusiasm, and is highly praised in an article written by the celebrated Filippi, the most distinguished musical critic of Italy.

MR. GEORGE A. MACFARREN was last week elected Musical Professor of Cambridge University. Considering his claims, as the greatest of living English musicians, it is surprising that any competitors presented themselves.

MR. CARL ROSA will commence a short operatic tour at Dublin on Monday next, afterwards proceeding to Liverpool and a few other large towns. Mr. Rosa has engaged as stage manager for the tour, and for his operatic season at the Princess's Theatre in September and October next, Mr. Arthur Howell, who assisted Mr. Rosa on the Parepa-Rosa operatic tour in America.

SIGNOR ZAFFIRA has written the Italian libretto to *Lohengrin* for the Royal Italian Opera. He was the author of the Italian version (*Il Talismano*) of Mr. Arthur Matthison's English libretto of "The Knight and the Leopard." The author of the Bologna edition, which will be used at Her Majesty's Opera, is Signor Marchesi, the well-known teacher of singing.

HERR RICHARD WAGNER is expected to attend the two performances of *Lohengrin* to be given here this season. The choristers at both houses are hard at work on the choral music, and are "as well as can be expected."

COLONEL RICHARDS'S "NORMA."

(From our Edinburgh Correspondent.)

ON Thursday week *Norma*, a new tragedy, in three acts, composed for Miss Wallis by Colonel Alfred Richards, the author of *Cromwell*, was performed to a crowded and evidently critical audience, at the Princess's Theatre, Edinburgh, for the third time on any stage—it having been presented only twice before, in Belfast and Edinburgh respectively. The action of the play—which is written in flowing blank verse—closely follows Bellini's well-known opera, and abounds in eloquent and vigorous passages, full of true poetic feeling and natural pathos. Miss Wallis took the part of the Druid priestess 'Norma,' which she delineated with genuine artistic dignity and grace, her elocution, at the same time, being excellent throughout, and her bearing singularly impressive. The great scene in which the fury of 'Norma' is roused by the discovery that her lover, 'Pollio,' has gained the affections of 'Adalgisa,' was played with a degree of tragic power such as might have been thought altogether beyond Miss Wallis's reach; and her performance in the concluding act (where the unhappy priestess meditates the murder of her children) was so terribly in earnest, yet so touchingly pathetic, that the attention of the audience was riveted on the actress. The most effective and sublime scene, however, was the last of all, which gave the *tragedienne* an opportunity of displaying her wonderful versatility in the expression of the various conflicting emotions which agitate the priestess; and the curtain fell as she mounted the funeral pyre, amid prolonged applause. She received competent support from Miss Glyme as 'Adalgisa,' Mr. F. Clements in the thankless part of 'Pollio,' and Mr. A. D. McNeill as 'Oroveso.' The accomplished lady was recalled to the footlights at the close of every act. In all respects the performance was successful; and we may congratulate London theatre-goers on the pleasure that is in store for them on the production of this piece in the metropolis.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—We understand that after the production of the Easter entertainments at the Polytechnic Dr. Croft will retire from the post of honorary managing director, the duties of which he has discharged for nearly three years.

THE DAY PERFORMANCE AT DRURY LANE THEATRE ON Thursday last week, for the benefit of Mr. Hingston, was greatly successful. Mr. Thompson, the hon. secretary, announced, in the course of the afternoon, that the proceeds amounted to over £800. Mr. Hingston was sufficiently recovered to be present in a private box, and met with a very warm and sympathetic greeting.

AN INDEFATIGABLE ARTIST.—When an actor in the space of one day plays in three arduous parts at different theatres he must be accredited with unusual energy. This is done by Mr. Charles Collette at present. He plays in the afternoon at the Crystal Palace with Mr. Charles Wyndham's company. Leaving that, he appears at the Royalty at eight o'clock in his irresistibly amusing sketch *Cryptocochloidsymphonostomata*, or *While It's to be Had*; and, finally, he plays the part of 'O'Sullivan' in *Society*, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, at a quarter to ten. Good form!

THE POLO AND UNITED COUNTIES HUNT BALL.—There have been many brilliant gatherings in the Royal Pavilion, but we question very much whether there has ever been one which will equal the magnificence and proportions of the great fashionable assemblage which will meet there on the evening of Easter Tuesday, at the great fancy-dress ball, which is to take place under the auspices of the International Gun and Polo Club. The stewards have been compelled to abandon their original intention of fixing 1000 as the highest number of tickets to be issued, and have agreed to issue as many as 1500. This number the spacious and handsome rooms at the Royal Pavilion will hold; but for comfort's sake they will not be able to take more, and therefore those who apply for vouchers after the further issue is exhausted will have to be met with a firm but courteous refusal. No less than three bands will play the same music, and at the same time, in different parts of the building. If evidence were necessary to show the increasing interest taken in this ball, it was fully illustrated, last Friday, by the continuous stream of carriages which rolled up to the Bedford Hotel in order that their occupants might change their vouchers for admission tickets. Mr. Miles, of the West Brighton Nursery, has been appointed florist to the club.—*Brighton Gazette*.

LOVELINESS ON THE INCREASE.—A marked increase of female loveliness is the eye-delighting result of the immense popularity which Hagan's Magnolia Balm has obtained among ladies everywhere. Complexions radiant with snowy purity and tinged with the roseate hue of health are commonly met with whenever it is used.—Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, in Bottles, at 3s. 6d. Depot, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[Adv't.]

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

At the risk of being rebuked for quoting an expression that has done immense service in the cause of journalism, we say, with the needy knife-grinder, "Story, there is none to tell, Sir." The tide has at length turned in favour of Oxford. It was too near a thing last year to be pleasant for those who had backed the hitherto triumphant Cantabs, and when that most exciting struggle was over there were few partisans of the Light Blues who did not admit that a fair amount of equality between the two crews in the essential matter of "condition" would probably have reversed the verdict. The present year's result, remarkably one-sided as it proved, was largely discounted long before the race came off. Now and then it was made manifest by the betting that the friends of Cambridge had taken heart; but from the moment the two crews settled down to regular work at Putney it was obvious to all shrewd judges of rowing that, "bar accident," Oxford could not lose. Into the manifold causes—if they were manifold—of the falling away of Cambridge we shall not attempt minutely to enter. Every year there is something more than enough of fine writing about "catch" and "time" and "feather," and the rest of those concomitants which go to form style in rowing; but is it not, when all is said and done, in nine cases out of ten, a simple question as to which crew chances to be the heavier and stronger? Messrs. Darbshire and Woodgate had far better stuff to deal with than fell to the lot of Messrs. Chambers and Goldie. The former gentlemen could not have made Cambridge win; the supervision of Oxford by the latter would not in any material particular have influenced the behaviour of the Dark Blues on the eventful day. Thus much by way of preface.

There was precious little of the ethereal mildness of spring about Saturday morning. It was emphatically "an eager and a nipping air" that met the *voyageurs* by the Warrior, as they went on board at the Temple Pier; and it came, for the most part, from the east. But who minds the weather on a boat-race day? Have we not erewhile felt our way from that same Temple Pier to Putney through a thick brown fog—seen the race rowed, or imagined we saw it, in a dreadful snowstorm? There have been occasions—last year, for instance, when the sun shone on the race, to the end that lovely and enthusiastic spectators of the struggle were not compelled to show their partisanship by unblushingly suggesting the Blue-Noses of American political life. Let us say that, if Saturday was scarcely a day to rejoice in, with its slaty sky and uncompromising breeze, it was tolerable—apparently quite delightful, even, to some of the participants in the humours of the occasion. A solitary gull, that wheeled and dipped in front of the Press-Boat most of the way from Battersea to Putney, seemed to be having a glorious time of it. The cadets of the training-ship Worcester—from Greenhithe to Chiswick—with Captain Smith of the Royal Naval Reserve and a large party of ladies and gentlemen and a band of music, steaming past in the Falcon, were everyone of them enjoyment personified. The long-shore people, who had embarked in all kinds and conditions of vessel, hampered for the most part with cargoes of glass and earthenware, betrayed as little care as they did freeboard, if they were prematurely blue from having made a too early morning's acquaintance with the bleakness of the river. Here and there one noticed a spectator who was gruesomely striving to appear as though he revelled in the insidious visitation of the nor-easter and palpably failing in the effort. On such a day, a Varsity boat-race, in the smartest of and best-found steam-launches, bears little resemblance to lounging about the lawn at Goodwood in luxurious summer weather.

It would fill a *Court Gazette* to name
What East and West End people came
To the rite of Christianity—

(muscular Christianity)—and so we forbear to direct further attention thereto. The gorgeous coal-barge which had been converted by Mr. Baum into a floating "sandwich," wherewith to advertise the reopening of Cremorne, together with the band stowed away in the hold of the vessel, must perforce be passed over. We are now at Putney. The number of heavy craft making their way to berths higher up the river increases as the time approaches for placing a line of barges across all but the two outer piers of the old bridge. On shore streams of people are converging to a point above The Bells, and are proceeding towards the boat-houses, the neighbourhood of which is already packed with people anxious to assist at the embarkation of the two crews. Some of our party who have been ashore bring news of the first point having been scored by Cambridge; "They have won the toss." About half-past twelve a skiff, from which the Royal standard is flying, crosses from the Middlesex side of the river to where the umpire's boat (Citizen P) lies, near the Star and Garter. The umpire's boat steams across to a berth near the starting point, and we have time to leisurely inspect the company on board ere a cheer from the shore announces the putting off of the Oxonians. The Prince of Wales, who, with Mr. Chitty, the umpire, occupied the forepart of the steamer, was attended by General Probyn and Colonel Kingscote and a distinguished party, amongst whom (to adopt the phraseology of the chroniclers of such matters) might be observed Sir John Astley and Lord Alfred Paget. An unusually high spring tide was expected; so, in anticipation of this, the start was provisionally appointed for one o'clock, although the flood would not make its mark at Putney until quite 2.30. Oxford launched their boat from the "hard" of the London Rowing Club at 12.45, and paddled leisurely across to the starting-place—a couple of watermen's skiffs made fast to two lighters which were moored on the Fulham side of mid-stream, about eighty yards above the Aqueduct and some twenty-five yards apart. It was impossible to measure the public sympathy for Cambridge which was expressed by the cheer which welcomed them as they followed Oxford to the starting-point seven minutes later; but the learned in such matters declare that the cheer for Oxford was less hearty than that which was bestowed on the Cantabs. Little time was lost in preparation, and, when the crews were alike ready for Mr. Searle's word, the two steamers chartered respectively by the Oxford and Cambridge Rowing Clubs were in their places at the Aqueduct, on the Surrey side of the river. These steamers, with that for the press and the umpires, were alone privileged to follow the race. We may say that, as far as one could see along Putney Reach, the course was beautifully clear, and smooth withal, albeit there was almost a breeze blowing from the N.N.E.

Annexed are the names and weights of the two crews:—

OXFORD.		
H. M'D. Courtney (Pembroke) (bow)	11st.	0lb.
J. H. P. Marriott (Brasenose)	11st.	13lb.
J. E. Banks (University)	11st.	11lb.
A. M. Mitchison (Pembroke)	12st.	12lb.
H. J. Stayner (St. John's)	12st.	2lb.
J. M. Boustad (University)	12st.	4lb.
T. C. Edwards-Moss (Brasenose)	12st.	5lb.
J. P. Way (Brasenose) (stroke)	10st.	11lb.
E. C. Hopwood (Christ Church) (cox.)	8st.	3½lb.

CAMBRIDGE.

P. J. Hibbert (Lady Margaret) (bow)	11st.	3lb.
W. B. Close (First Trinity)	11st.	10lb.
G. C. Dicker (First Trinity)	11st.	7lb.
W. G. Michell (First Trinity)	11st.	11lb.
E. A. Phillips (Jesus)	12st.	4½lb.
J. A. Aylmer (First Trinity)	12st.	12lb.
C. E. Benson (Third Trinity)	11st.	3lb.
H. E. Rhodes (Jesus) (stroke)	11st.	7lb.
G. L. Davis (Clare) (cox.)	6st.	10lb.

It will be seen that the aggregate weight of the Oxford crew is 95st 2lb, giving an average of 11st 12½lb, while the aggregate weight of Cambridge is 94st 2lb, being an average of 11st 10½lb per man; but, to compensate for this difference, Oxford had to carry a heavier coxswain by upwards of 20lb.

Mr. Searle had no sooner given the word than Mr. Rhodes responded, and literally jumped off with "a commanding lead." There was just the least bit of flurry in the first few strokes made by the Cantabs, but presently they settled down, to something like 38 strokes per minute, Oxford rowing at the rate of 36. If Mr. Rhodes had determined to discover all the weak spots in his crew in the smallest possible space of time, he could not have adopted surer means. "It is the pace that kills," we are told; and in verity the pace in this instance was killing. Cambridge continued to draw ahead, and approaching the Point there was daylight between them and Oxford. The style of the Dark Blues left little to be desired. Mr. Way was not to be tempted into imitating the policy of his adversary. The oars "went" like clockwork, and every member of the crew rowed as though he had plenty up his sleeve. Just beyond the Point the Light Blues drew yet further ahead. The steering of both coxswains had so far been very nearly perfect, but at this juncture the boats got rather too close together to be pleasant, and for a moment there seemed a probability of Mr. Chitty's services being called into requisition. However, a bit of rough water, which presently ensued re-adjusted matters, and it then became obvious that Oxford was gradually creeping up. At the same time the form of some of the Cantabs began to get a trifle ragged. Opposite the Grass Wharf there was not a bit of daylight between the two boats, and near Rosebank the Cantabs had dropped yet further back to their opponents. It was pretty well "all over but shouting" at the Crab Tree, albeit so little of the course had been rowed. Mr. Rhodes had tired down to a stroke of 36, which enabled Mr. Way to get on terms with him without the expenditure of an extra effort. Once more, however, Mr. Rhodes put on the steam; but this, a tremendous spurt of 39, proved of no lasting avail. The boats were together, thwart for thwart, for a short distance, and then Oxford drew clean away and led through the centre span of Hammersmith Bridge by three quarters of a length clear. Opposite Biffen's Boat-house Oxford had put two lengths of daylight between their boat and the other, going the while in splendid fashion and well within themselves. Off the Oil Mills Cambridge made a spurt, which for the moment lessened the distance between the boats, but it was only for a moment. Oxford continued to draw away; their lead at the foot of Chiswick Eyot being quite equal to four lengths, and five off the church. Barnes Bridge was reached by the leaders in 18min 22sec from the start (they had done the distance to Hammersmith in 9min), we should judge quite six lengths ahead of Cambridge, who were timed at this point to be exactly 18sec astern. Off the White Hart Cambridge made a last effort, but it was soon over, and thence to the finish the Light Blues tired to nothing, and Oxford won as they liked, passing the flag-post off the ship a long distance in front of their opponents in exactly 22min 2½sec. from the start. There are differences of opinion as to the actual distance by which they won. John Phelps, who as usual, officiated as judge, gave his verdict in favour of the Dark Blues by six lengths; but we agree with the *Daily News* that it was nearer ten lengths. The Oxford men pulled up, to all appearance, fresh and well; but several of the Cantabs were unmistakably "baked." We have said nothing in disparagement of the steering of the Cambridge crew, because we believe it to have been as good as was possible under the circumstances. He had frequently the rudder hard on by way of correcting the operations of too powerful Mr. Rhodes, and those who sat on Mr. Rhodes's side of the boat; but it was no use. The course was splendidly kept by Mr. Lord. "It is," says the authority we have already quoted, "always more or less invidious to single out individual men for special commendation, but we are merely re-echoing the general verdict when we state that of the winning crew, stroke, No. 7 (a model oarsman), No. 5, and bow deserve a word of special praise; while of the losers Messrs. Rhodes and Benson, the latter of whom is rowing even in better form than he did two years ago, call for distinctive mention." We heartily re-echo this opinion. Both crews rowed in boats built by J. H. Clasper, of Oxford, Cambridge using the one constructed for their last year's crew by that eminent builder. The betting at the start was 100 to 30 on Oxford, with but few takers; and even when Oxford was a length and a half astern the good odds of 2 to 1 were offered on their chance.

The following table of winners of the University matches since the establishment of the race in 1829, extracted from the *Rowing Almanack* for 1875, may prove useful:—

Year.	Place.	Winner.	Time.	Won by
1829	Henley, 2m 3 fur	Oxford	14min 30sec	easily
1836	Westminster to Putney	Cambridge	36min.	1min
1839	Westminster to Putney	Cambridge	31min.	1min 45 sec
1840	Westminster to Putney	Cambridge	29min 30sec	2-3rds of a lgth
1841	Westminster to Putney	Cambridge	32min 30sec	1min 4sec
1842	Westminster to Putney	Oxford	30min 45sec	13sec
1845	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	23min 45sec	30sec
1846*	Mortlake to Putney	Cambridge	21min 5sec	2 lengths
1849	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	22min.	3 lengths
1849	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	foul.	foul
1852	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	21min 38sec	27sec
1854	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	25min 25sec	11 strokes
1856	Mortlake to Putney	Cambridge	25min 50sec	half a length
1857	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	22min 50sec	35sec
1858	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	21min 23sec	22sec
1859	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	24min 30sec	Camb. sank
1860	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	26min.	one length
1861	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	23min 27sec	48sec
1862	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	24min 40sec	30sec
1863	Mortlake to Putney	Oxford	23min 5sec	42sec
1864	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	21min 48sec	23sec
1865	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	21min 23sec	18sec
1866	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	25min 48sec	15sec
1867	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	22min 40sec	half a length
1868	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	21min.	six lengths
1869	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	20min 20sec	five lengths
1870	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	22min 33-5s	¼ length
1871	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	23min 5sec	one length
1872	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	21min 16sec	two lengths
1873	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	19min 35sec	three lengths
1874	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	22min 39sec	three lengths
1875	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	22min 2sec	ten lengths

* This was the first race rowed in outrigger eights.

THE DINNER.

In the evening the two crews dined together at the Criterion restaurant in Piccadilly. Contrary to the custom of former years, only old University oarsmen were allowed to be present, with a few personal friends of those who had taken part in the race of the afternoon. The *menu*, served *à la Russe*, was every-

thing that could be desired; the *carter* had been specially designed to meet the tastes of the two crews, and even the wax candles on the tables were striped with the colours of the two Universities. The room was in other respects most tastefully decorated, and the harmony of the evening was greatly enhanced by the presence of the Coldstream Guards' band, under the conductorship of Mr. Fred Godfrey. Mr. H. J. Stayner (president of the O.U.B.C.) occupied the chair, and was supported on his left by Mr. H. E. Rhodes (president of the C.U.B.C.), and on his right by Mr. J. A. Aylmer, also of the C.U.B.C. Among the visitors present were Messrs. J. H. D. Goldie, J. G. Chambers, of Cambridge; S. D. Darbshire, of Oxford; F. S. Gulston, captain of the London Rowing Club; the members of the two crews, and a few other old oarsmen.

After dinner Mr. Stayner, in appropriate terms, proposed "The Health of her Majesty the Queen," and afterwards that of "The Prince of Wales." In proposing the latter toast Mr. Stayner said everyone must be specially gratified at the presence of his Royal Highness at the race. He trusted he would be present on future occasions, when he was sure they would all feel glad to see him. The toast was drunk with musical honours, the band playing "God Bless the Prince of Wales."

Mr. H. E. Rhodes then proposed, amid great cheering, "The Health of the Winning Crew," which he described as the toast of the evening. In the course of his remarks Mr. Rhodes said the Oxford crew of this year was the best he had ever rowed against in his life; they (the Cambridge crew) had been beaten entirely on their merits, and he congratulated his opponents on their victory.

The toast having been drunk with musical honours, amid loud cheering,

Mr. Stayner rose to reply. He said he was extremely obliged to Mr. Rhodes for the kind way in which he had proposed the toast, and also for the hearty manner in which it had been received. He had this year had everything in his favour in the selection of a crew, which was, in fact, chosen even before the term began.

Mr. Rhodes then proposed "The Health of the Coxswains," coupling with the toast the name of Mr. Hopwood, who, he (Mr. Rhodes) thought, had proved himself that day to be well fitted for the post he had occupied. One thing was quite certain, Mr. Hopwood had done his best to inconvenience their crew by washing the water on to his boat all the while they were near each other, and this he thought was one of the most important things a coxswain should keep in view.

The remaining toasts were "The Coaches," responded to by Messrs. Goldie and Darbshire; "The London Rowing Club," responded to by Mr. Gulston, of the L.R.C.; and, finally, "The Ladies," which was replied to in suitable and appropriate terms by Mr. Davis, the Cambridge coxswain. "Our next Merry Meeting" was then given, when the company separated, shortly after eleven o'clock.

The dinner was entirely of a private nature, representatives of the Press not being admitted.

We are indebted for our report of the proceedings to the kindness of a member of the Cambridge crew.

ACCIDENTS AFTER THE BOAT-RACE.

The race itself was exceptionally free from accident, but the return journey, owing to the crowded state of the river and the reckless manner in which the steam-driven craft were steered, was productive of numerous accidents, which, although unattended by loss of life, were accompanied by serious personal injury. Below Chiswick Eyot a boat containing two men and a woman was struck amidships by the steam-launch Cromer, and sank immediately—the two men, George Little and W. Rawson, both residing in John-street, Albany-road, were picked up uninjured; but the woman, Mary Seaman, residing in Rolls-buildings, City, received a compound fracture of the right thigh, and was picked up in an exhausted state by William Slater, a boatman, of Putney, and conveyed to the hospital. Two other running-down cases were reported, but in each instance the parties were rescued alive. On Hammersmith Bridge, as the Oxford crew passed under, a terrific rush of the crowd was made from the east to the western side, and in the struggle two women (sisters) named Butterfield, residing in Temple-street, City, were thrown down and trampled on; receiving such injuries as necessitated their removal to the hospital; whilst a married woman named Graham, residing at Ealing, was crushed against the bridge, and sustained a fracture of the collar-bone and other injuries internally. On the Soapworks bridge a scene of the most exciting character ensued. It appears that the authorities had constructed a huge hoarding some eight feet in height, which had considerably contracted the already narrow way. The surging and pressure of the crowd caused the mass to give way, and in its fall to carry with it a number of persons who were standing beneath it. Mr. Connor, of Bouverie-street, called upon the bystanders for assistance, and by their efforts the whole were extricated, fortunately with only a few superficial injuries.

Races Past.

TUESDAY, MARCH 23.

The NOTTINGHAM SPRING HANDICAP of 10 sovs each, 3 ft, with 100 added; the second saved his stake; winners extra. One mile and a quarter. 45 subs.

Mr. Johnson's b g Castle Wellan, by Artillery—Finesse, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb C. Wood | 1 || Mr. Polak's b c St. Patrick, 4 yrs, 7st | Morley | 2 |
Mr. C. Hibbert's Malplaquet, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb	Spooner	3
Mr. J. Hodson's Scotch Cake, 4 yrs, 7st	F. Archer	0
Mr. R. Howett's br c Munden, 4 yrs, 7st (car 7st 1lb)	G. Cooke	disq

Betting: 2 to 1 each agst Munden and Castle Wellan, 100 to 30 agst Scotch Cake, and 6 to 1 agst St. Patrick.
Castle Wellan was first off, and made the running, followed by Scotch Cake, Munden, Malplaquet, and St. Patrick. They ran thus until reaching the back of the stand, when the last named ran up to Castle Wellan, leaving Malplaquet in the rear. Half a mile from home Scotch Cake was hopelessly out of the race, and a quarter of a mile further on St. Patrick, dropping back, let up Munden, who got the best of Castle Wellan just inside the distance, and, increasing his advantage, eventually won by a length, a similar distance separating the second and third. Malplaquet was fourth. Scotch Cake did not pass the post. On returning to scale, the rider of Munden drew two pounds more weight than he had declared, and he was disqualified, the race being awarded to Castle Wellan, who came in second.

VISOR.—This horse broke his leg on Tuesday, whilst running for the Hurdle Handicap Plate at Nottingham.

DAINTY.—In reference to this mare, second for the Grand National Steeplechase, we are informed that she was bred by Mr. Davis, her present owner, and has never passed out of his hands. Two of Tit-Bits produce—Despair and Dewdrop—are still stable companions of Dainty, whilst a three-year-old colt is in Holman's stable, having been purchased by Mr. S. Myers as a yearling for 100 gs.

PACKINGTON STEEPLECHASES.—The three stakes just closed for this fixture have received very satisfactory entries, both as regards numbers and quality of the animals nominated. The principal stake—The Packington Handicap, with 300 sovs in added money—has 55 entries, the Calthorpe Handicap Plate 24, and the County Cup 10. The weights will be issued next week, the meeting being set for the two days immediately following Warwick.

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC SPORTS AT LILLIE BRIDGE.

HORSES, HANDS, AND HABITS.

WE have often laughed at the cockney's difficulties with the Queen's English; but whatever trouble the pronunciation of the above sentence may give to those born in the classical region within the sound of Bow bells, it must be admitted that those three H's may be studied better collectively in the great city of London than perhaps anywhere else upon the face of the globe. Strolling in the park the other day, looking forward to the time, rapidly approaching, when the now almost deserted Row will be thronged with riders of both sexes, and watching a few isolated specimens of horsemanship, whose manœuvres filled us with apprehension, we began to think it strange that people who have the courage to get upon such an animal as the horse have not also the desire to learn to manage him well. And in such a place as London, it must be the want of desire to learn that causes the pitiable exhibitions so frequently seen in the park, for opportunity for first-rate instruction is certainly not wanting. We thought thus whilst following the walk along the Row, but presently forgot the matter, and might not have remembered it again, but that a lady friend insisted on taking us the other day to the riding-school where she was accustomed to take her daily ride when the weather was bad, as it has so often been this winter, and where, she assured us, we should find plenty to amuse and interest us, until it was time for us to accompany her home.

The establishment to which she took us was the Royal Military Riding School in Gloucester-crescent, and while she was putting on her habit in the ladies' dressing-room and getting ready for her ride we went round the stables and thoroughly inspected the premises. The extreme order and cleanliness to be observed in every department of such an extensive establishment reminded us at once of the cavalry stables we had gone over at various large military stations. This was not surprising, considering that the proprietor, Captain Fitzgerald, is an ex-cavalry man; but it is a fact that deserves to be noticed, since all people of experience about horses are now agreed that nothing conduces so much to the health, good looks, and good condition of the horse as cleanliness, good grooming, and regularity in all matters concerning feeding and other stable management. Returning from our inspection of the stables, we met our friend in the mounting-room, and were by her



H. K. UPCHER,
WINNER OF THE WIDE JUMP.

reverting to the thoughts that had occupied us in the park a few days before. This same riding is a subject on which so much has been said that anything more on the matter might seem superfluous. But it must be remembered that frequently advice only sinks into the mind by force of reiteration, and also it may be allowed that "a good thing cannot be said too often." It must strike every one who frequents the Row that amongst the hundreds of ladies one sees there mounted there are lamentably few who have either good seats or good hands; and this is not as it should be in a country that justly prides itself upon producing the finest horsewomen in the world. The same might be said, in a large degree, of the men; but at present we do not speak of them; our mission is to the ladies. When you consider a lady's position on horseback, the variety of seat that may be noticed any day in the park is something wonderful; one might even say mysterious—since it must be by some conjuring feat, performed with the body and limbs, that the riders manage to place themselves in attitudes we frequently have observed. For the credit of the stout woman it must be allowed that though she may, and indeed often does, look like a sack placed upright on horseback, she rarely indulges in the strange evolutions of her slimmer sister. The centre of gravity must be preserved in the case of a great weight, otherwise no saddle would remain straight, and no girths would bear the strain. It may, therefore, be remarked that very stout women generally sit more square and upright than slight ones. Have you ever seen a lady riding alongside of her horse when it is going at a good free trot? that is one of the positions that to us has always appeared full of mystery, since the means by which she preserves her balance alongside, and gets back into the saddle when the horse stops, are not apparent. Then there is the lady who leans so far back that one wonders she does not lose her balance and go back altogether; she looks, moreover, as though she was so stiff that if she bent she would break. The lady who leans too far forward is more largely represented than the last section. She appears afraid of going over her horse's head, and seems to expect his neck to act as a support; and there are modifications and variations of all these leading types, which one regrets, since care and instruction can at least ensure a good seat, and, certainly, if riding be worth doing at all it is worth doing well.

On the question of what really constitutes a good seat it is perhaps easier to dogmatise than on any other point connected with the art of riding, since it is a matter that appeals to the most careless eye. A firm, square, upright position inspires the beholder with a feeling of confidence in the capability of the rider possessing those qualities; but it must not be forgotten that firmness should never be allowed to degenerate

into rigidity, nor squareness into immovability, nor uprightness into stiffness. To be graceful on horseback the figure must be held easily. The lady who looks as if, to use a very homely saying, she had swallowed a poker, can never be a pleasing object, and her own stiffness generally imparts an air of constrained movement to the animal she rides. For the benefit of those who really desire to acquire a good seat, and to look well on horseback, there is one most important point connected with this branch of the subject that we will merely allude to here, and dwell on at more length another time. We speak of the fit of the saddle, not to the horse, important though that is, but particularly to the rider. Innumerable awkward, ungraceful seats are the result of a belief, very prevalent among ladies, that in the choice of a saddle she has only to see that it is a well-finished, nice-looking article, and that is all that is necessary. No greater mistake could be made. When we come to speak of saddles and bridles we will enter more fully into this question of fit, and endeavour to explain how a lady can ascertain for herself what adaptation in the make of a saddle is necessary to suit her particular figure, and to enable her to sit straight and fair, without in any way straining or tiring the body.

But the question of hands is even a more serious matter than that of seats, since all riders know that a horse will carry pleasantly a person who treats his mouth well, when he would be, perhaps, unmanageable if pulled about and irritated by heavy hands. There is a great variety between hands, even amongst those that may fairly be called good; and it is even open to question whether a hand that is good with one horse is always good with another. But it may safely be said that any person with judgment whose hand, good with one animal, does not suit another, can, when she comes to know that fact, modify her feeling on the bridle according to the requirements of her steed; for this reason it is desirable that a beginner should have frequent change of mount, since practice alone will enable her to detect what is required in the way of handling by each particular animal she rides. It is a rule that there should always be a feeling on the mouth of the horse in riding: the degree of fineness with which this feeling can be maintained constitutes a good hand. There is a great deal said about women's hands being finer than those of men; and



S. S. BROWN,
WINNER OF "PUTTING THE WEIGHT."

instructed to wait for her in the reception-room, from which we should be able to watch her going through her exercise. There were several ladies in the school when we took our places as spectators; but the person who most attracted our attention was a little boy, the son of Captain Fitzgerald, we were informed, who, mounted on a smart little piebald cob, which he managed with much grace and skill, seemed a realisation of one of Leech's inimitable pictures of the young Etonian, who puts his pony at impracticable places, to the terror and anguish of mind of the portly coachman who follows him. This little fellow, booted and spurred in irreproachable style, was riding over the hurdles in company with some ladies who were practising leaping when we first entered the reception-room; but soon the number of pupils entering put a stop to the jumping, and the real business of the afternoon commenced. It was Saturday, and about half-past four in the evening the number of riders in the school was considerable. Presently the riding-master gave the word to trot, and then a band that was seated in an adjoining gallery struck up, and the scene became very animated and picturesque. The riders were told off into two sections, or files, and each of these, at a word of command from the master, described circles or figures of eight down the length of the school, winding in and out between some of the riders stationed in different places as landmarks with great precision, when one considered that some of the pupils were beginners, and that the figures described must at first have appeared complicated. Occasionally mistake would occur; the word "Halt!" would be given, the band would cease, and the riding-master would order the manœuvre to be executed at a walk; then in a few minutes, the difficulty having been mastered, the band would strike up again and off they would go. The idea of riding to music in this way appeared to us both novel and pleasant; and, from the remarks we overheard, it was evident that the pupils appreciated it; indeed, it seemed to us hard to conceive anything more perfectly enjoyable. Our friend confided to us that it was a combination of dancing and riding indescribably pleasant. As a sight it was well worth looking at, particularly when the gas was lit, and the two files, at a brisk trot, were turning in and out between each other, to the gay notes of some lively tune.

Yet, with such opportunities of instruction within their reach, the good people of London cannot always be complimented on their riding, we remarked afterwards to our friend



W. R. H. STEVENSON,
WINNER OF THE THREE-MILE RACE.

in the case of a really first-rate performer we incline to believe that it is so—premising, however, that the average woman equestrian, as seen in the park, has a heavier hand than the average male. The cause of the heaviness we shall speak of later; at present we shall offer a solution of the opposite quality, which, though very obvious, has never been commented on by any writer with whom we are acquainted. The sensation of touch or feeling is the groundwork of what is called mouth in a horse. All riders are so well aware of this that they speak of rough handling spoiling a horse's mouth: it thickens the membrane that covers the lips, and renders feeling dull and callous. Yet these same riders, who recognise that fact clearly, do not often seem aware that the delicacy of feeling in their own fingers assists incalculably in maintaining a control, so fine as almost to be imperceptible, of the horse's mouth. That this is the case is easily proved. Let a person accustomed to ride in gloves try for a while riding without them, and he will find that he is aware of every motion on the part of his steed much sooner, and that it, on its side, is more alive to his movements than before. Few men will deny that the skin of a lady's hand, being less liable to become coarse or hardened from work or exposure, has much more delicacy of touch than theirs can lay claim to; it is to this intensely keen power of feeling that we attribute the fineness to be observed in the best ladies' hands. We were acquainted with a lady once who possessed this power in a very remarkable degree; frequently she was remonstrated with for not holding her horse, when she would always point out that she had him more together, more under her control, than any other animal with the party; and yet, to look at the reins, it seemed hard to believe that she could have any communication with him whatsoever. Yet we have seen her take her horse hard by the head when occasion called for it. We need hardly say that any and every horse went well with her, but we often noticed that when riding badly-trained or hard-mouthed animals she always took off her gloves. With regard to the vexed question whether a lady can get her hands as low as a man, it is certain that she cannot put them down quite as far as he can; but if she chooses to do so, is a sufficiently good rider, and sees that occasion calls for it, she can get them down on each side of the horse's withers quite as low as any necessity can ever call for. But then she must be content to forget appearance for a while and lean forward, and to do that safely calls for good riding.



E. A. SANDFORD,
WINNER OF THE MILE RACE.

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BY THE BYE,

we have left our unlucky friend, Richard Reynolds, sadly too long asleep in the sedan-chair; but then consider what his awakening is to be, and if that does not apologise for us to you, it should to him. Abandoning the imperfectly thought-out dramatic guise in which we commenced our story, we shall conclude it briefly.

The sedan-chair, with its windows decorously blinded, stands in the gloom of the great library, with a fire burning briskly in the grate and a single wax taper making darkness visible. For a time the crackling and sputtering of the burning coals alone breaks silence; but presently the lid of the sedan-chair is raised, and Richard, partially sobered by sleep, steps out and goes to the fire for warmth. He blesses the good Samaritan unknown who found and kindly sent him home, removes his caped overcoat, and is expressing satisfaction at his safety, when, with great surprise and alarm, he discovers that he is in the wrong house. Eager for an explanation, he is about to ring the bell, when a loud rat-tat-tat is heard at the street door, and at the same instant the identical fair one of the Opera, rushing into the room, and supposing him to be her husband, throws herself weeping into his arms. Breathless with joy and astonishment,



he fervently returns her embrace, when lo! the doors of the room are thrown open, and the lady, looking up, sees, with a shriek, her real husband! The situation is a most embarrassing one. The jealous Baronet stands aghast, his rage depriving him of utterance. The wife shrinks with horror from the man she had mistaken for her own. Richard is bewildered, and unable to explain.

Seizing her husband's hands, the terrified lady entreats him to listen and be patient—it is only some horrible mistake. The gentleman was brought there in a sedan-chair, and she thought he was him. The men who brought him are in the kitchen. The bell is rung, and the chair-men are sent for, their account following and corroborating that given by Reynolds. The remainder of the story may, however, be told in the words of our authority for its truth—that is to say, Frederick Reynolds:—

“By degrees the Baronet yielded to the naïveté of my brother's account, his own reflections, and the chair-men's testimony, when suddenly his passion again broke forth, and he exclaimed, ‘This is not the only provocation I have received from you. Do you know Captain Smith, Sir?’ ‘I have heard of such a man’ — ‘Hear me, then, Sir!’ interrupted the impetuous Baronet. ‘Passing up St. James's-street, after leaving the Opera, and assisting in emancipating this Captain Smith from a ring of pickpockets, he would not leave me until informed where he might call to return his thanks. I gave him my own address, as I thought, but unluckily it proved to be your card, at which he had no sooner glanced than he cried, ‘So, Sir, I have found you at last!’ and was proceeding to use the most intemperate language, when a friend explained his error, fortunately for both parties; otherwise, Sir, there I should have been as much indebted to Mr. Richard Reynolds for the loan of his name as I am here for the unexpected pleasure of his company.”

To conclude, it was at length determined to postpone further discussion—Richard pledging his honour that the Baronet should in the course of the following day, in one way or the other, have satisfaction. A visit to the Bedford enabled him to keep his word, for, having proved to Captain Smith's satisfaction that another Mr. Richard Reynolds had been his traducer, he and the Captain proceeded together to Grosvenor-street, where, instead of shots, they exchanged apologies; and thus the series of curious misadventures had an amicable settlement, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Reynolds tells many other stories amusingly illustrative of his life and times. His first effort at writing for the stage was devoted to the dramatising of the famous German romance “Werter,” a task for which he thought himself specially fitted, being then himself a lover of the sighing and despairing tribe. He says that when he commenced this tragedy he had but one fear—namely, that of breaking, by the pathos of its situations and language, the heart of her on whose life he believed his own depended. But, alas! when reading the finished work and coming to its most melancholy passage he looked up expecting to see her lovely eyes swimming in tears, to hear her tremulous sigh of pity, the only sound that rewarded him was a sneeze, the only sight that of his beloved Eliza's widely open mouth and dilated nostrils in the act of its perpetration. It was a cold day, and he had read the fire out.



Speaking of “Werter,” by the bye, it may be worth noting that one who saw at Mannheim the very person who was the original of Goethe's “Werter” described the said original as—

what think you—tall, graceful, elegant, with an expression of tender melancholy? No; “a squat, fat figure with a swarthy complexion, and thick, shaggy eyebrows placed diagonally enough to produce the most tragically-sentimental expression of countenance, if their effect had not been completely counteracted by the twinkling of two little half-buried comical eyes, resembling those of a kitten.” As to the costume of this unromantic hero of romance, “imagine,” writes our authority, “a pair of breeches (hem!) more fit for a family's residence than a single individual's, and an immense hat, the circumference of which a snail would scarcely describe in a week, absolutely ingulphing the little head beneath it; and then imagine, protruding from the back of the hat, a little erect pigtail—



THERE'S 'WERTER' FOR YOU!"

It was a pity the real ‘Werter’ had not been seen by the poor young lady who, when that romance was in the height of its first popularity in England, was found, self-destroyed, with it under her pillow. It might have robbed the story of its terrible effect on her morbid imagination.

Reynolds's tragedy, to his intense astonishment and dismay, was declined successively at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Haymarket, but finally went to Bath, where it was accepted, produced, and proved a great success. The most curious parts of Reynolds's tragedy are the elaborate stage directions inserted for the benefit of the performers. Here, for instance, is an extract from it:—

[“Here ‘Werter’ throws down the book, seizes ‘Charlotte’s’ hand and weeps over it. She leans on her other hand, holding her handkerchief to her eyes. In this unhappy story they feel their own misfortunes. At length ‘Charlotte’ exclaims, as if exerting her utmost to recover her self-possession, ‘Go on!’”]

This is very like the way in which the German school of play-writers instructed the performers, as will be seen from the following specimen which we extract from Reitzenstein's play of Count Koeningsmark:—

“Oh! I lose myself in the beauty of the picture. (In ecstasy.) Oh! my friend—my—yes, once I called you Sophia!—Sophia—Oh! my Sophia.”

[“He is unable to say more—the recollection of their former life draws their hearts irresistibly towards each other. With sympathetic eagerness and rapture they fall into each other's arms.”]

Talking of stage directions, technically called “business,” perhaps the funniest thing of the kind ever read we recently met with in an old play called *The Rovers*, wherein ‘Rogero’ is instructed to “dash his head against his prison walls till he raises a visible contusion.”

Despite these absurdities, we are not, however, sure that modern English play-writers do not run to the opposite extreme and leave the business directions too exclusively to the actors. There is a medium, you know. Opinions differ so widely in these matters that it would be as well to know what the author thought of them in any particular case. Look, for instance, at Hamlet's business when the Ghost appears, how wonderfully different and varied are the ideas of it which different great actors have expressed! Would it not be at least interesting to have Shakspeare's opinion? Garrick's we know, from the numerous laudatory accounts of it handed down by eminent critics and writers; and yet it may be remembered that Dr. Johnson had quite another opinion of it. Boswell, with his delightful simplicity, once asked him, “Would you not, Sir, start as Mr. Garrick does, if you saw a ghost?” and Johnson replied, “I hope not. If I did I should frighten the ghost.”

Reynolds, of whom we were speaking, by the bye, saw Garrick perform ‘Hamlet’ for the last time, and tells a funny story connected therewith. He says:—

“On the morning of that day Perkins, who was my father's wigmaker as well as Garrick's, cut and trimmed my hair for the occasion. During the operation he told me that when I saw Garrick's first view of the ghost I should see each individual hair of his head stand upright; and he concluded by hoping that, though I so much admired the actor, I would reserve a mite of approbation for him as the artist of this



most ingenious mechanical wig, the real cause,” he added, “entre nous, of his prodigious effect in that scene.”

Reynolds adds: “Though I did not see Garrick's hair rise perpendicularly, mine did when he broke from Horatio and Marcellus, with anger flashing from ‘his two balls of fire’ (as his eyes were then rightly called) exclaiming,

“By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!”

By the bye, how curiously that word *lets* has changed its meaning: as we use it, the meaning would be the reverse of ‘Hamlet's’.

Still dwelling on stage-business, but passing to another branch of it, we may mention as true and recent the following, which we met with in a scene-painter's sanctum, and thought rather good. A pair of verdant-green aristocratic swells, an awful nuisance to the actresses, but high in the repute of a lord-worshipping “sole proprietor and lessee,” were on the stage, and very much in the way during rehearsal one morning, when the stage-manager, Mr. Gee, called to the stage-car-penter, Mr. Ell,

“Now, Ell, how will the set be to-night?”

Ell, coming forward, replied thoughtfully and slowly, but very distinctly and respectfully, “Why, you see, Sir, it'll be this way. Now, I stands here. Well, I'm the cottage. Where you stands, you's the ‘arbor; and them two gents there's the pair o' flats.”

The “sole proprietor,” about an hour after, came to that innocent Mr. Ell, flushed, hot, and angry, savagely swearing at and abusing the poor astounded and bewildered carpenter for “grossly and coarsely insulting” his “personal friends Lord Aye and the Honourable Augustus Bee.”

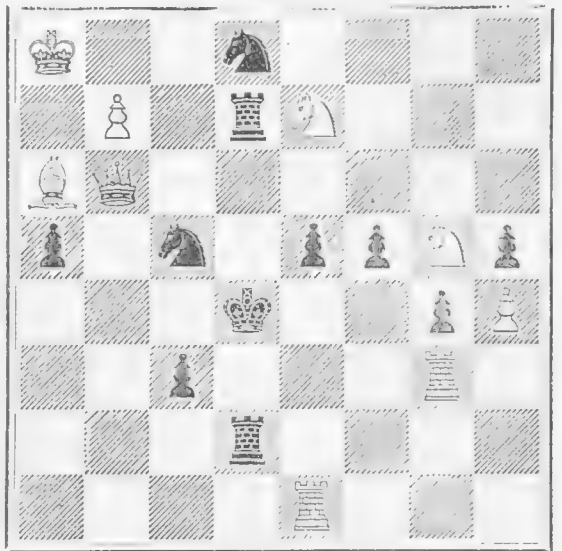
A. H. DOUBLEYEW.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 47.

By Mr. W. GRIMSHAW.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

The following fine Game was contested, some time ago, between Messrs. Schallop and Minckwitz.

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	31. Q to B 3	R to K Kt 4
2. Kt to KB 3	Kt to Q B 3	32. R to Q sq	Q to K 2
3. B to Q B 4	B to Q B 4	33. Q to Kt 3	R to K Kt 3
4. P to Q Kt 4	B takes P	34. B to R 5	R to K Kt 2
5. P to Q B 3	B to B 4	35. B to Q 2	K to R sq
6. P to Q 4	P takes P	36. Kt to B 4	Q to Q B 2
7. Castles	P to Q 3	37. Kt to K 6 (ch)	P takes Kt
8. P takes P	B to Q Kt 3	38. P takes P	R to K sq
9. P to Q 5	Kt to Q R 4	39. B to B 4	P to B 6 (g)
10. B to Q Kt 2	Kt to K 2	40. Q to Kt 4	K to Kt sq
11. B to Q 3	Castles	41. Q to R 5	R takes P
12. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to Kt 3	42. Q to R 7 (ch)	K to B sq
13. Kt to K 2	P to Q B 4	43. Q to R 8 (ch)	K to K 2
14. Q to Q 2	P to K B 3	44. Q takes P (ch)	K to K sq
15. K to R sq (a)	B to Q B 2	45. Q to R 8 (ch)	K to Q 2
16. Q R to B sq	P to Q R 3 (b)	46. P to Kt 7	P to B 7
17. Kt to Kt sq (c)	P to Q Kt 4	47. R to Q B sq	R to K sq
18. P to K B 4	B to Q Kt 3	48. Q takes R (ch)	K takes Q
19. Kt to Kt 3	R to Q R 2	49. P Queens (ch)	K to Q 2
20. K Kt to K 2	R to Q B 2	50. P to R 5	R to Kt 8
21. P to K B 5	Kt to K 4	51. P to R 6	Q to R 4
22. Kt to B 4	Q Kt to B 5 (d)	52. Q to Q Kt 4 (ch)	K to B 3
23. B takes Kt	Kt takes B	53. Q to K 2	P to B 4
24. R takes Kt (e)	P takes R	54. Q takes B P	R takes R (ch)
25. B to K B 3	R to Kt 2	55. Q takes R	P takes P
26. P to K R 4	Q to K sq	56. Q to R sq (h)	P to B 5
27. Kt to K 6	K R to B 2	57. P to Kt 4	Q to R 6
28. Kt to R 5	B to Q sq (f)	58. Q to K B sq	Q to Q B 6
29. Q to B 4	B takes Kt	59. P to Kt 5	P to Q 4
30. Q P takes B	R to B sq	60. K to R 2 (g)	P to K 6

and the Game was drawn.

NOTES.

- (a) This is necessary, otherwise Black could play Kt to K 4 with a good game.
- (b) Up to this point all the moves are played in accordance with the received theory of the opening. At this stage many of the authorities prefer 16. R to Q Kt sq.
- (c) The earliest writers on the game are divided as to White's best move. Some prefer 17. Kt to K Kt 3 to the move in the text.
- (d) Better, perhaps, to have played Kt takes B, followed by P to Q B 5.
- (e) Very well played. From this point the game becomes very critical and interesting.
- (f) Absolutely necessary to protect the King's Bishop's Pawn.
- (g) The only move to give him a chance of maintaining his defence.
- (h) We believe Q to Q sq or P to K Kt 4 would have been stronger play.
- (i) If we mistake not, 60. P to K R 7 would have won the game for White. Black's reply assures a drawn game.

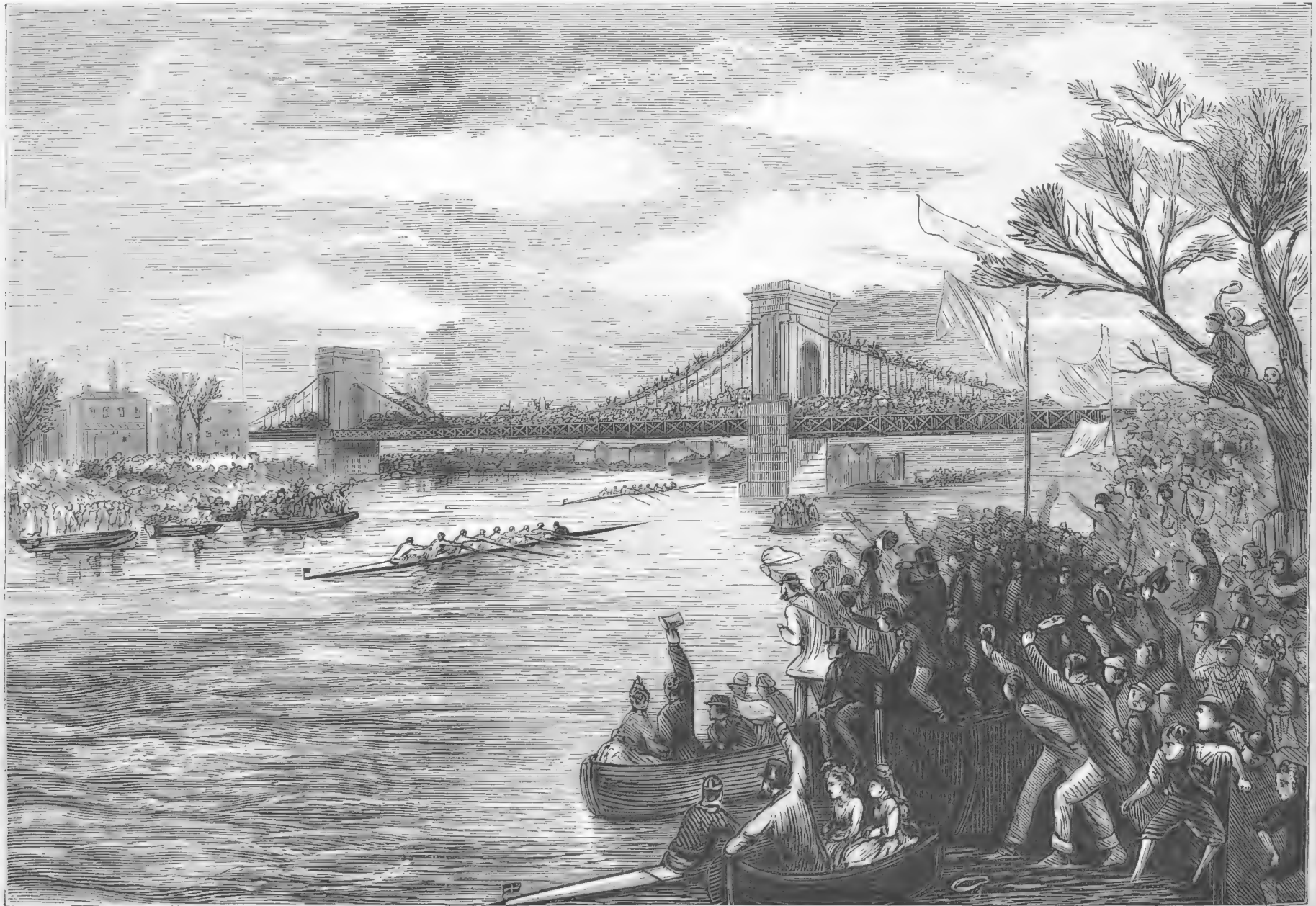
EAST SUSSEX STEEPLECHASES.—This meeting will be held at Battle, the same place as last year; but the course has now been extended, and will be a circle of one mile and a half, all good seed and grass land, with natural easy fences. The entries close on April 3, to Mr. Marcus Verrall, at the Albion Hotel, Hastings.

THE GUN CLUB.—There was a good attendance on Saturday considering the counter-attraction of the boat-race. Six £1 sweepstakes at three birds each were decided. The first was won by Mr. Otho killing three; the second was divided between Mr. Stone and Mr. Gambier, who brought down four each; the third also resulted in a division between Mr. Stone and Captain Leighton, the fourth between Captain Leighton and Mr. Henry Rae-Reid; the fifth was won by Mr. W. F. Gambier, and the sixth was carried off by Mr. Henry Rae-Reid killing five out of six. To-day (Saturday) a £3 handicap is announced for decision.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

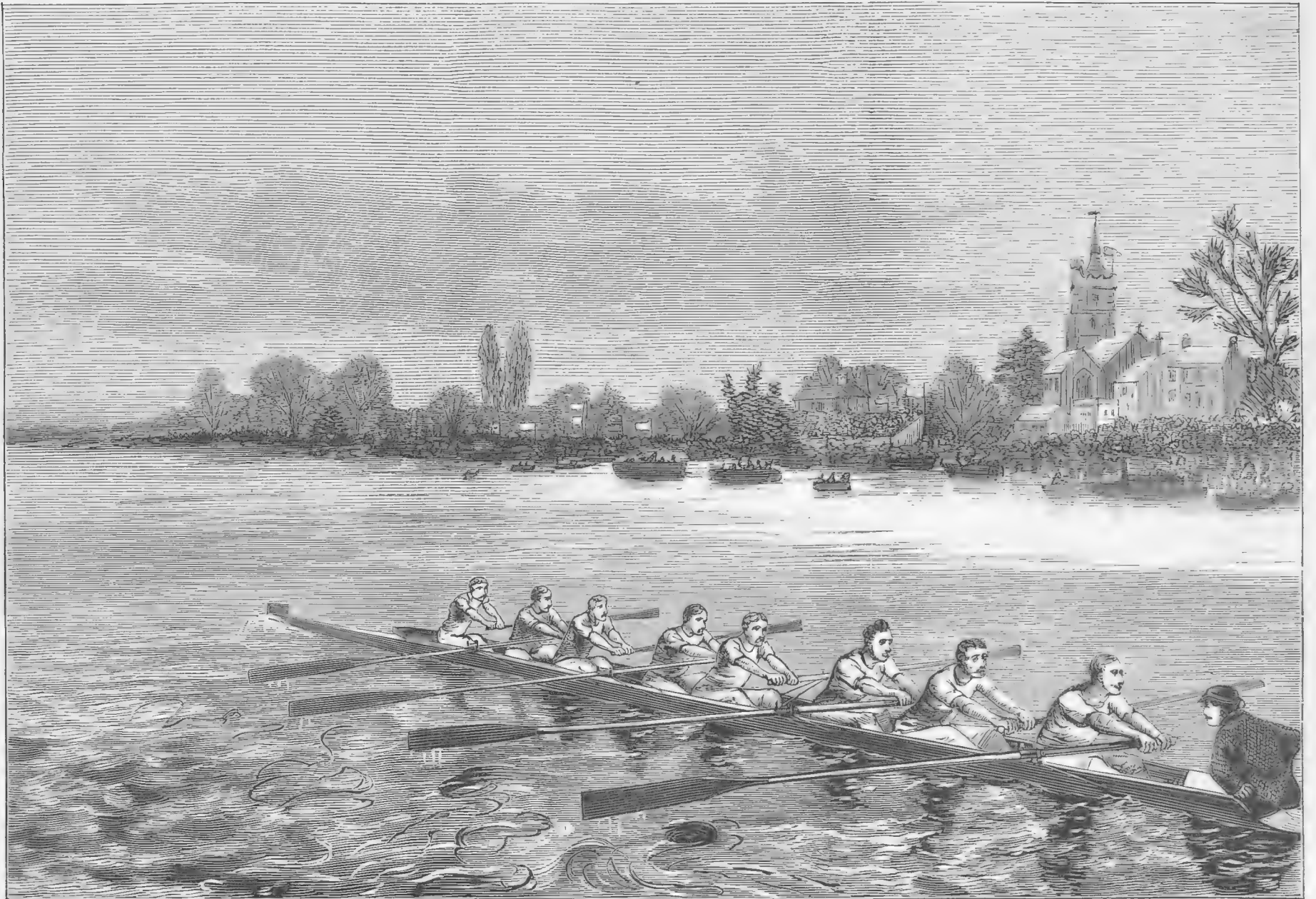


PUTNEY: THE START.

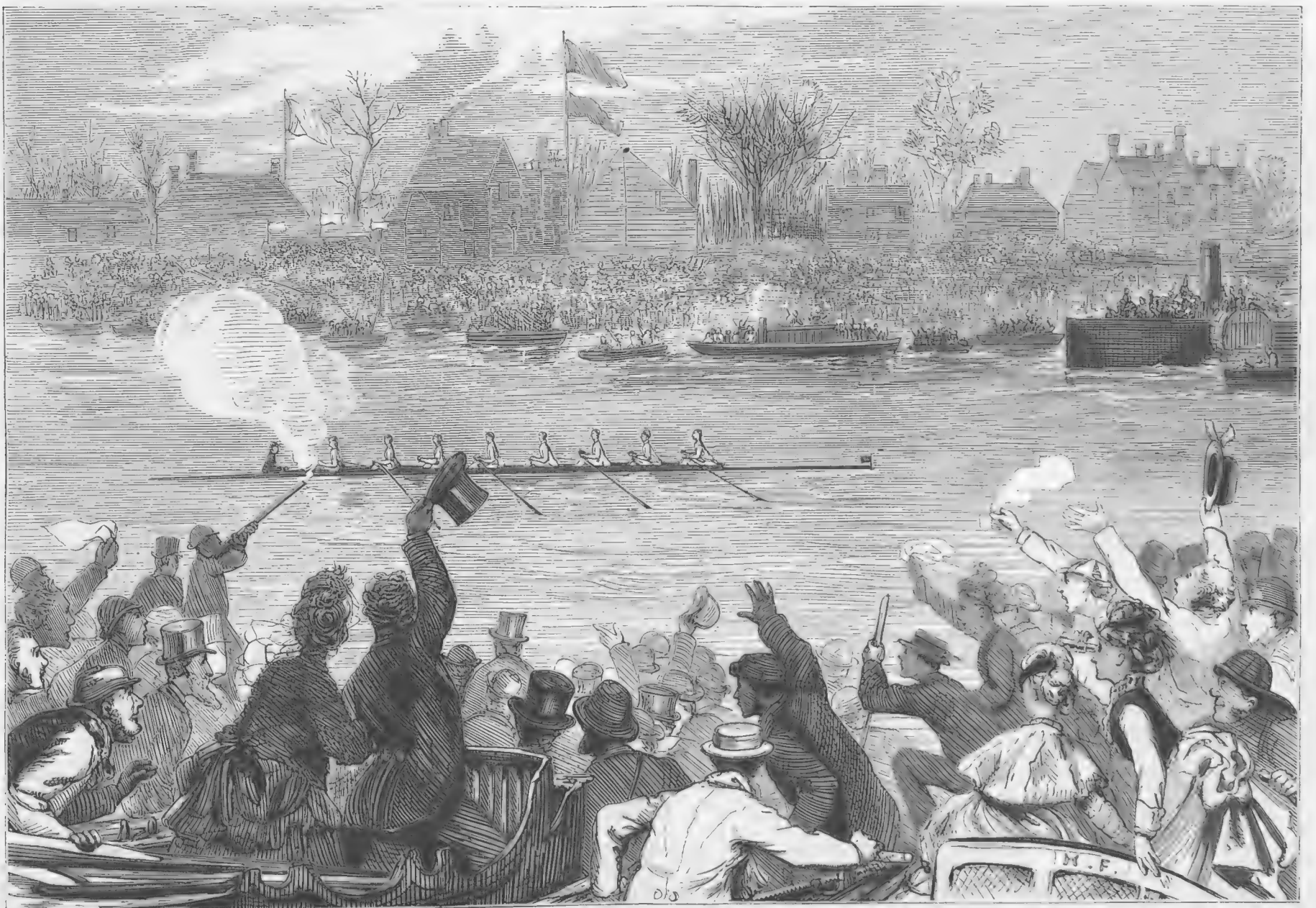


HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE: OXFORD LEADS.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.



CHISWICK: OXFORD INCREASES HER LEAD.



MORTLAKE: WON BY TEN LENGTHS.

A RAMBLING ESSAY ON THE MODESTY OF MODERN AUTHORS.

THERE is a good old comedy, by a good old author, who died before his piece was played—before it was even taken off that oblivious region known as the "shelf."

It is a pure, well-written play, containing much wholesome wit and some harmless claptrap. It was written in five acts; it is generally played in three, which, though a little disadvantageous to the author's design, is a decided advantage to the audience.

Those beings of ambition and imbecility—those examples of the weakness of human nature—amateur actors, are very fond of this play, and they manifest their affection by ruthlessly maltreating it on every possible occasion.

One cannot help feeling glad for the author, that he is at rest (if his shade be not at times disturbed) and cannot feel the insults offered to his greatest work by these actors *ready born*. I may be allowed to remark, *en parenthèse*, that if a play be written in blank verse, planned in five acts, and also contain particularly arduous characters, it is generally a favourite with amateurs.

The feminine interest is exceedingly strong in this same old play, there being no less than three principal female characters. One is beautiful, proud, overbearing, and a veritable shrew; another is a merry and witty girl who hides her love beneath a veil of banter; the third is love-sick and a heroine, in the romantic sense, for she fears to own her love, but follows her lover to the wars.

With the first and last of these graces of comedy I have nothing to do at present; but the shrewd and merry girl, by her woman's wit, gives a pert speech which has some reference to what is supposed to form the subject of this rambling paper.

In a whimsical scene, where the lover tries to gain from the wayward lady love a confession of her fondness, in the guise of a father confessor (in which he utterly fails, for he is discovered, and informed, for his pains, "that he is probably the first lover on record who ever attempted to gain the affections of his mistress by discovering her faults"), the supposed father, in answer to an arch question from his fair sinner, tells her that she is to confess only the great sins of which she has been guilty. This provokes from the incorrigible young lady the following sharp reply,

"The great ones! Oh! you must learn those of my neighbours, whose business it is, like yours, to confess everybody's sins but their own. If, now, you would be content with a few trifling peccadilloes, I would own them with all the frankness of an author, who gives his reader the paltry errata of the pieces, but leaves him to find out all the capital blunders of the work himself."

Now this is one of the faults which may be put down to the modesty of authors—I say one of the faults, for the faults are many; but these faults seldom occur in the works themselves, it is rather in the prefaces, introductions, and postscripts.

We are not one of those who consider prefaces a bore; it is really only lazy readers who never read prefaces. We like to have a little acquaintance with the author himself before commencing his work. An author should, however, intrude himself as little as possible into his works. It is to be observed that those authors who dispense with a preface or any line of a preface—viz., an introduction, postscript, or *l'envoi*, are in the habit of constantly bouncing in upon the reader, with a startling and somewhat electrical suddenness, in the shape of detached paragraphs at the commencement or the end of sundry chapters in the work. All this may be avoided by a good preface, brief and to the point; but modern authors destroy the beauty of their introductory remarks by the sickening modesty and self abasement which they plentifully make use of in a series of stock phrases kept ready turned to hand.

It always seems to me when I read these apologetic paragraphs that the author is standing before me in a white apron and well-greased locks, like a smirking barber who is recommending some new concoction, especially prepared by him, for the benefit of the human head. As a rule, it appears to me that the style of writing in a preface, compared with that used in the capital work, is completely different. However, this may only be the material difference between the real and the imaginative. I have certainly remarked that a complacent, deprecating, half-timid, half-feeble kind of preface generally leads to an alarming display of energy in the capital work; and the author who is the most humble and apologetic in his preface is the most virulent and defiant in the book proper; while a very feeble performance is occasionally ushered in with a tremendous flourish of remarkably brazen trumpets. Again, a man who is strangely mournful, not to say dyspeptic, in his treatment of his subject, affects a ghastly humour in the preface; and a man who, perhaps, has set you laughing extravagantly with the humour of his subject and the brilliance of his wit, you remember to have been strangely despondent in his preface, as if he were afraid of his own jokes. Is this a mere trick for the effect of contrast?

I cannot say; but it seems to me that the difficulty arises as to which portion of the book may be supposed to represent the author in earnest. Is the modesty expressed in the preface adhered to throughout the performance? May we not suppose that if the author be really so incapable and impotent as he would have us believe, it would have been better had he never attempted his task? The truth is, these modest prefaces are flagrant egoisms: they are too apologetic to be sincere; they are too artificial, and too obviously written for effect, to be either natural or ingenuous. If these authors write their life, sketches, and romances of real life with the same aim at effect that is so obvious in the preface, may we not fairly take it for granted that the extravagance of the prefatory remarks has been extended to the main body of the work?

The modesty of modern authors is likewise displayed in their voluminousness. They not only spin out their tales and treatises to an inordinate length, but they publish again and again at an alarming rate.

This fact is apt to suggest to a slow-going mind the thought that they must *write* more than they *study*.

To write genuine tales of life requires experience. When an author regularly turns out two three-volume novels a year, it is obvious that imagination supplies the place of experience, and where the material should be collected it is *invented*.

Another phase of the modesty of authors is their great aptitude for deliberately committing an error and then apologising for it in an artful manner, evidently calculated to disarm the indignant reader; some even going so far as to address their readers by kind and even affectionate epithets, such as "intelligent," "gentle," "kind," "indulgent," "fair," "tender-hearted," "dear," etc.

There is no excuse for an author who deliberately spins out his subject to fill six or seven hundred pages octavo of close print when he might have clearly accomplished his task in three hundred, however graceful or insinuating his apology may be.

It is amusing to observe how, if an author should happen to be obliged to make a personal appearance before the public, his demeanour is characterised by an extremely real modesty, or, rather, extravagant bashfulness, which is quite painful to

witness. The maiden dramatic author who receives his first "call" from an enthusiastic audience is immediately seized with disagreeable pains somewhere in the digestive regions, and a choking sensation in his throat, which symptoms of "stage fright," require to be dispelled or subdued by sundry pappings on the back from the prompter, and ejaculatory encouragements from the stage manager, in the middle of which the gasman suddenly seizes the roller of the act-drop and pulls it aside that the timid author may pass "on." This movement causes a shiver to run through the ponderous curtain: the audience redouble their applause at the signal. There is no hope now for the poor "modest author," he must "go on."

He tremblingly steps on to the proscenium; attempts a calm smile of satisfaction, which, unfortunately, looks from the front like an idiotic grin; blushes scarlet to the roots of his hair, bows awkwardly, and vanishes. As soon as the ordeal is passed he feels as bold as brass, and, after a "liquor up," he thinks, "there was nothing to be frightened at, after all."

If he produce a second successful piece he trips across the stage with an expressive smirk, which says as plainly as words, "You dare not damn me now!"

Thoughts are bolder than words or actions: a man will write what he will not speak.

The author who only presents himself through his well-turned sentences is apt to assume a false modesty, which is worse than barefaced impudence, and to thrust himself before his audience under cover of unnecessary excuses and apologies which are quite uncalled for.

The dramatic author does not appear personally before the footlights until he receives a *bona fide* "call."

It seems to me that it would be more in keeping with the true modesty of all authors if they would refrain from *thrusting themselves* in any form before the public until the public think proper to require their appearance. F. A. L.

THE LATE MR. LUMLEY.

MR. BENJAMIN LUMLEY, whose death, in his sixty-fourth year, took place on Wednesday week, after a long illness, was the last of a long line of directors who for a century and a half held sway at Her Majesty's Theatre. A history of that edifice would be the history of Italian Opera in England; and during the sixteen or eighteen years comprised in Mr. Lumley's term of management a large number of celebrated singers (including, in particular, Jenny Lind) and all the most celebrated dancers of the period, with Fanny Elssler, Carlotta Grisi, and Cerito among them, made their appearance on its boards. "On tombé du côté où l'on penche," and it has often been pointed out that Mr. Lumley's love of the ballet proved his ruin as a manager. There existed in those days, among a more limited class of society, just such a passion for ballet as existed only the other day in London for opéra-bouffe. There was more to be said for the former than for the latter entertainment in an artistic point of view. Thackeray has somewhere in the "Newcomes" recorded his admiration of *La Sylphide*, with Taglioni in the principal part; and it is enough to say of *Giselle* that Heine contributed the graceful and touching story on which it is founded; that Théophile Gautier arranged the plot for the stage and for the requirements of the ballet-master; that Adolphe Adam composed the music; and that Carlotta Grisi (with whom both Heine and Gautier were in love, and who could scarcely have been looked upon very coldly by Adolphe Adam) impersonated the fascinating 'Gisela' or 'Giselle.' Such collaboration as this could scarcely fail to give good results; and the ballet of *Giselle*, though Herr Wagner would probably have denounced it as a frivolous and Frenchified perversion of a German popular legend, will always be remembered by those who witnessed its performance as a very charming example of the "art-work of the past." *Giselle*, though often performed at Her Majesty's Theatre, was not composed for that establishment; but it was in memory, no doubt, of *Giselle* that, many years after its first production, Mr. Lumley begged Heine, whom he knew well, to furnish him with the subject and scenery of another ballet, which was to be brought out in London on the grandest scale. Though he apparently possessed no practical talent, or at least no practical knowledge as a dramatist, the author of so many perfect lyrics was fertile in dramatic ideas, and the skilful manager might fairly conclude that he would be able to give him, not perhaps a perfectly designed plot, but at least a notion for a plot. If Heine had written down in a few lines his own version of the "Flying Dutchman" legend, on which Wagner has founded his opera of that name, the ingenious Perrot might easily have made it into a ballet in which no one better than himself could have played the part of the ill-fated hero. The German poet determined, however, to invent for his friend the manager something entirely new and altogether unprecedented. He called his ballet *Mephistophelia*, and represented his female 'Mephisto' as showing to her infatuated 'Faust' not Helen of Troy, but Salome the daughter of Herodias. Every famous dancing scene of biblical and of classical literature of ancient and of modern times was introduced; and a very brief examination of the poet's manuscript must have convinced the manager, that, however admirable the libretto of *Mephistophelia* might be in a literary point of view, and as a work of imagination, it could never be presented on the stage either as a ballet or in any other dramatic form.

Mr. Lumley's desire to produce a ballet of which the poetical basis should be the work of no less a man than Heine showed a genuine belief in a form of art which, whatever may be thought of it now, was presented in great perfection twenty years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre. Unable to secure the ideal ballet he had dreamed of, Mr. Lumley resolved at least to obtain new combinations of ballet dancers; and in his very interesting memoirs he has told us how by the exercise of high diplomatic tact he at last succeeded in persuading the four most admired ballerinas of the day to appear together in one *pas*. Here knowledge of stage management would have availed him nothing. Knowledge, however, of human nature, of the female heart, and above all of the heart of the *première danseuse*, enabled him to gain his end. In the etiquette of the ballet it is a strict rule that when several *danseuses* appear one after another in the same *pas* the greatest comes on last. Each of the four considered herself entitled to be the last to enter; and to each the manager was obliged to concede that her claim was just. But when they were all together he pointed out that, though stage traditions must be considered, something also was due to age; and that in such a case as this, when the four ladies who were about to join in friendly rivalry were all of the first artistic rank, it would be a fit mark of respect to the eldest of the party to allow her to make her entry after the others. According to this view, Cerito thought that she at least could not allow any of her competitors to precede her. Lucile Grahn was sure that the fourth place could not belong to her, but rather to Rosati; and for a moment, until a happy compromise suggested itself, it seemed as though, by bringing forward his new and irresistible argument, the clever manager had only substituted one insuperable difficulty for another. Of course, everyone in London went to see the "Pas de Quatre." Some weak poetry was written on the subject, and an able operatic artist made a

drawing of the final group, which in the engraving became popular. It was impossible, however, to have a series of Pas de Quatre, or even of Pas de Trois, in which each dancer shall be of the highest degree of excellence, and nothing less would now satisfy the public. Thus the Pas de Quatre brought about the ruin of the ballet as an attractive exhibition, and with the fall of the ballet Mr. Lumley's fortunes fell, or, at least, greatly declined.

It must be admitted, however, that while paying particular attention to the ballet Mr. Lumley did not altogether neglect the opera. Operatic amateurs occasionally remarked that singers were sacrificed to dancers; and it was still more true that operas were now and then mutilated in order that one particular vocal star might shine more brightly even than the composer himself had intended, at the expense of some minor light less favoured by nature and the manager. Nevertheless, we can recall at least two operas by composers of European fame which were written expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre under Mr. Lumley's management—Verdi's *I Masnadieri*, a ponderous work founded on Schiller's *Robbers*, and Halévy's *La Tempesta*, for which Shakespeare's *Tempest* served as a basis. In the former the soprano part was sustained by Jenny Lind. In the latter 'Caliban' was impersonated by Lablache. Very little impression, however, was made by either production. Few operas have ever fallen more flat than *I Masnadieri*, and the only thing remarked by the public in *La Tempesta* was the effective presentation in the ballet music of Arne's melodious setting of "Where the Bee Sucks." Though Mr. Lumley will be much regretted by all who had the pleasure of knowing him, his death leaves no gap in the ranks of operatic management. He had already been replaced; and his friends will, perhaps, say that it required two to replace him, and that of our two existing operas one owes its origin to a secession from Her Majesty's Theatre; while the other is indebted for at least a portion of its excellence to a subsequent secession from the establishment which the seceders had founded.—*Daily News*.

THE GREAT BARGE-MATCH.

THE loaded race between the barges Gundulph and Challenger came off on Wednesday, the 17th inst. The course, as in the light race, being from Strood round the West Oaze buoy and back to Chatham.

In this, the first loaded race ever sailed, the barges had taken in 90 tons of flint stones each, which brought Challenger down to the water, and left but a few inches of free-board to Gundulph.

There was a nice breeze at N.E., and Mr. Griffith (*Bell's Life*), again officiating as referee, started the barges at 9h 34min a.m., Gundulph, having all the best of it, and passing Chatham point 1min 30sec ahead of her opponent. In Chatham Reach Gundulph's bobstay burst, but the smartness of the crew saved the stick and soon repaired the damage.

Challenger, now leading, at 11.40, when off the White House carried away his topsail-sheet, the jack-yard went through the sail, which split from head to foot and was sent on deck. This was a great blow for Challenger, who had been doing remarkably well, and Gundulph was soon up on his weather. There was more wind and sea outside than was looked for, and both barges came in for a most tremendous dusting in the beat down to the West Oaze. Both captains and crews stuck to their work in a style deserving the highest praise. The craft, loaded down nearly into the water, were constantly awash on deck.

The West Oaze Buoy was rounded as follows:

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Gundulph	1	53	20	Challenger	2	5	45

The run home was made without further incident, Challenger sending aloft a large square-headed topsail, which helped him along considerably. Chatham was reached as follows:

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Gundulph	4	31	10	Challenger	4	36	20

In rounding the mark-boat, Gundulph most unaccountably and unfortunately ran foul of it, and, according to all rules of yachting, lost the race; but such a contingency not having been considered in the articles drawn up by Messrs. Burford and Boulding (the owners), after a long consultation between the umpires and referee, it was determined that the match should be resailed on the ensuing Monday, the 22nd inst., the course, on account of the tides, being round the Nore instead of West Oaze Buoy.

A "purse" was made up on board the committee-boat for the crews of the barges, who had, it was admitted on all hands, sailed one of the pluckiest races ever witnessed.

In the concluding race, on the 22nd inst., the Challenger won by nine minutes and a half.

ROSCOMMON HUNT AND STEEPLECHASES.—In consequence of the death of Mr. J. Nolan Irwin, High Sheriff of Roscommon, the stewards, members of the Hunt Race, and committee have determined to postpone their race meeting for the present.

THE ACCIDENT TO MR. J. D. WHYTE.—This popular gentleman rider is very slowly recovering from his severe illness, caused by his fall at the Baldoy Meeting. Mr. Whyte is at present in a most critical position, and his medical advisers enjoin the utmost quietness.

SOUTHDOWN HUNT STEEPLECHASES.—We have to call the attention of our readers to the excellent entry that has been obtained for the Open Handicap at these races, most of the horses being notable winners. The Guards' Polo Ball, to be held at Brighton on the previous evening, will make the race day very popular; while the Scots Greys hold their meeting on the following Friday, with six races and a match.

NEW DEER FOREST.—The first section of the Duke of Argyll's new deer forest in Glenarary has just been completed, a space of about six miles in circuit, chiefly wooded, having been inclosed with a strong wire fence eight feet high, and consisting of twelve wires firmly braced together so as to be completely deerproof. From the nature of the ground the work was one of considerable difficulty, but it has been very substantially finished by the contractor, Mr. Patrick Monro, of Glasgow. During the past week about 200 deer have been driven in from the adjoining woods and moors, the Duke's tenants gladly turning out on several days to assist.

THE FRAMBOISE AND PTARMIGAN CASE.—This long-pending case has at length been settled. The race having been run nearly a year ago, it may be as well to reproduce the circumstances under which the objection was lodged. The following was posted at Tattersall's on Monday, March 8:—"West Drayton—West Drayton Plate (handicap): Framboise came in first, beating Ptarmigan by a neck, but the stewards disqualified her on the ground that her name was not published in the original handicap, and the race was awarded to Ptarmigan. The stewards of the meeting refer the question as to bets to the committee of Tattersall's subscription-rooms." On that day, in the absence of Messrs. Weatherby and Mr. Verrall, the matter was not investigated, and it was allowed to stand over until Monday last, when the committee of Tattersall's subscription-rooms gave their decision, awarding the bets to Framboise.

HOW I SHOT MY FIRST BEAR.

A TRUE TALE BY H****d C*****.

At the commencement of the hot weather of 1865 I was warned by the medical officers of my regiment that it would be imprudent to face a seventh summer in the blazing plains of India, I therefore applied for leave to Cashmere, and made the requisite preparations for six months of grand "shikar," in that land of ibex, markhor, and goorul; but, alas! before the day for starting came, I was so reduced by ague and fever, that I had most reluctantly to give up my ambitious schemes of marching over the perpetual snows, and slaying innumerable ibex, &c., and had to content myself with the comparatively inglorious sport of potting bears in the "Lolab Valley," where I should be within reach of English medical advice should it become, unfortunately, necessary. Even this inferior "shikar" was looked forward to by me with great delight, for I had never seen a live bear except at the Zoo, and my only knowledge of their habits was from the books of travels I had read as a boy, in the illustrations of which the bears were always depicted at least twenty times the size of the hunters, and generally were about to hug them to death, so it may be imagined that though I knew bear-shooting was looked on as less noble sport than ibex, &c., still I had a most exalted idea of the glories of shooting shaggy bruin, and thought no small beer of myself while making my preparations. My readers will see for themselves how much presence of mind, coolness, and straight shooting was required in my first attempt to shoot a bear.

On my arrival at the Pir Punjaub range of hills, the large range crossed immediately before descending to the valley of Cashmere, and Srinuggur, the capital, I was beset by applicants for the office of "shikarree," and, being early in the season, I had a large number to choose from. After perusing a very large number of "chits," as the written characters given them by their former masters are called I fixed on, and engaged Abdul Rahman Khan, a fine, strapping, young Mohomedan, with blue eyes and brown hair. He had such a large number of favourable testimonials, or chits, that I fondly imagined I had secured the best "shikarree" in the country; but I afterwards found that native servants of the same name very obligingly lend each other their "chits," and, as Abdul Rahman Khan is by no means an uncommon name among the "shikarees" in Cashmere, I have as little doubt that many of his were borrowed from accommodating namesakes as I have that the greater part of the wonderful tales of ibex and markhor, with fabulously long horns, which he had helped his former masters to slay, were purely imaginary. However, he knew all that I wanted him to know—i.e., the haunts of the bears in the "Lolab Valley."

Before proceeding with my adventures, I should state that, although the masses of the inhabitants of Cashmere are Mussulmans, the rulers and wealthier classes are Hindoos, and that the most severe penalties are enforced against all who in any way offend the prejudices of the Hindoos.

After leaving Srinuggur about five or six long marches behind us, Abdul Rahman informed me we had at last reached ground where we might hope to meet, and satisfactorily account for, our shaggy friends the bears. We accordingly encamped in a lovely valley, by the side of a running stream, at the foot of some low hills, covered with wild fruit growing in the greatest profusion. Three or four evenings and early mornings were uselessly spent in looking for our quarry on his way to regale himself on these luscious fruits, when the head man of a village, some few miles distant, came to tell me that near his village bears were plentiful, and asked for bucksheesh for the information. Abdul Rahman said he thought the man was speaking the truth, but that I had better tell him I would give him the bucksheesh after I had seen the bears. We accordingly moved camp, and accompanied our new friend to his village.

I will now explain the manner in which bears are shot in these parts. About dusk they come down from their haunts high up the hills to feed on the wild fruits, returning at dawn. It is therefore only at dusk, by moonlight, or at early dawn that the wily game is to be found; and, although the hardships and grandeur of ibex and markhor shooting are wanting, it is exciting to be crouching behind a bush in the dusk or moonlight, listening to the footsteps and gruntings of a bear coming down the hill side, or trying to make out his unwieldy figure in the branches of a tree a couple of yards off, in which you can hear him crunching the fruit, whether walnuts, plums, or anything else, stones, shells, and all. A man must be made of colder stuff than I am who does not feel his heart beat faster as the critical moment for a shot arrives. It cannot be compared for hardships with ibex-shooting, or for danger with lion or tiger shooting on foot; but still it is sport, and very grand sport too, compared with the slaughter of hares, rabbits, and hand-reared pheasants in English covers, though that same slaughter is not bad fun either. In approaching bears it is of the utmost importance not to allow them to wind you, as their senses of smell and hearing are so keen that you will not get within half a mile of them if the wind blows from you to them, and, once alarmed, they are very wary and shy for a long time afterwards. *Revenons à nos moutons.*

A little before sunset on the all-eventful day the faithful Abdul Rahman told me he had ascertained from the villagers the exact spot to which an enormous bear came every evening to feed on a plum-tree. Delighted at the news, I promised great "bucksheesh" to everyone; and, with my pulse beating and every nerve in me throbbing at double time, I shouldered my rifle, and, giving Abdul Rahman my gun, started off to slay my first bear.

The head man of the village was waiting to point out the spot, and, having placed me behind a bush and shown me where to look for the bear, he silently withdrew, leaving me squatted down, with the trusty Abdul Rahman close behind me. Daylight gradually failed, and the rising moon had not yet topped the hills between me and it, and still the same dull silence prevailed—not a rustle nor a sound was heard, save the yelp of a pariah cur every now and then in the village below us. I thought the bear would never come; each minute seemed an hour, each moment I grew more anxious; perhaps after all the disobliging brute would not come, perhaps he had heard the beating of my heart, which sounded to me as loud as that of a drum.

But hark! some loose stones rattle a few yards up the hill-side. "Ahter hy Sahib" ("he is coming, Sir,"), whispered Abdul Rahman under his breath,—a few seconds more, and, dark as it was, a dusky body could be discerned moving on the other side of the plum-tree, about six or seven paces from me. "Maro Sahib, maro juldee!" ("Shoot, Sir, shoot quickly!") whispered Abdul Rahman; and now at last I felt the awful moment had arrived, I was about to cover myself with glory by slaying a ferocious bear! Quivering with suppressed excitement, I took a long breath, watched to make out, as well as I could in the dark, which was the head of the monster, and aiming at where I guessed the shoulder ought to be, I fired! Down dropped Bruin, and I can honestly say it was the proudest and happiest moment of my life! Visions of bald-headed friends amongst whom I would distribute the grease, and whom I would make "beautiful for ever" by generous donations of "genuine bear's-grease;" bear-skin rugs to be pre-

sented to friends, and especially of this one, my first bear-skin, killed with a single bullet, rose before me and filled me with delight!

Carefully and warily I advanced on the prostrate monster, fearing it might even now have strength enough left for one last charge; but, alas! alas! there was no need for care or caution. No ferocious, shaggy old bear lay there, the victim of my prowess, but only a poor, wretched, ill-fed cow, gasping and moaning its life out, the bullet having struck it behind the shoulder.

Ah me! No bear's-grease for my badly-thatched friends; no bearskin rugs to be distributed with a lordly munificence. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Annoying as it was, it was impossible not to see the absurdity of the *contretemps*; so, although the joke was against me, I (after the first few moments of chagrin and disappointment) could not help laughing. My companions, however (for the head man of the village had joined us on hearing the shot fired), very soon undeceived me as to its being a laughing matter; they were in the utmost consternation and terror. It at once struck me that something was wrong; and, indeed, so there was! I had shot a cow—the holy animal, the object of the highest veneration among the Hindoos; and they had aided and abetted me!

Neither of them had the slightest religious scruple in the matter, for they were Mussulmans, and would have viewed the slaughter of every cow in the country with equanimity, so far as they were personally concerned, but they knew too well the intolerant bigotry and fanaticism of their Hindoo rulers, not to be in an abject state of terror, and I feared the result would be that each, anxious to save himself, would strive to be the first to inform against the other and me!

The consequences to a native would be very severe, imprisonment, fine, mutilation, or even death; but on me, as an Englishman, and therefore protected from the tyranny of the Maharajah's wretched government, no punishment could be inflicted, beyond expulsion from the country, a punishment I did not wish to incur, because it meant finishing my leave in some wretched hill station, instead of roaming about in beautiful Cashmere, the Garden of the World!

Seeing that my only chance of keeping the mishap a profound secret was to make my companions equally guilty with myself, I insisted on each of them in turn plunging my hunting knife into the throat of the still bleeding unfortunate cow; many were the threats and great were the promises of reward and bucksheesh I had to make before I prevailed on them to obey my order, but ultimately they yielded, and performed the happy despatch on my poor accidental victim. Then I felt that all was well, and that the secret would be kept. I carefully explained that if they would keep the affair secret, and concoct some plan for making away with the carcass, they would get "burra bucksheesh" from me, and no harm could happen to them; but, on the other hand, I pointed out that nothing more could be done to me, a sahib, for accidentally shooting a cow in the dark, in mistake for a bear, than having to leave the country, while to them the consequences would be very dreadful; and, having drawn a very lively and highly-coloured picture of the pains and penalties which awaited them, as natives of the country, for having lifted their sacrilegious hands against the holy and venerated body of a cow, knowing it to be one, I lighted my pipe and told them to devise some means of getting rid of the miserable animal's body. I was delighted to see the effect my harangue had had on them, and patiently waited for them to make some plan, which I was confident they would now do for their own sakes. Long and earnest was the consultation held by my confederates in crime; but at last, after much mutual recrimination and abuse of each other's female relations and ancestors, Abdul Rahman informed me that "God was great," that I was their "father and their mother," and that they knew how liberal I would be in bucksheesh, &c., and finally, that, with my assistance, they had settled how the mishap might be concealed. The scheme was to mangle the body of the cow as much as possible, and trust to the jackals and village dogs tearing it about that and the next night, and then to start the idea that it had been killed by a leopard! The only risk was that any villager might go that way next day and find the cow, and see how it had died; but the head man promised to keep them away as much as possible, on the plea that the sahib wanted to go there again to look for the bear, and did not want the jungle disturbed. Luckily, all went as we wished, and on the second day the head man of the village came, looking as innocent as possible, to tell me that he had that instant, going up the hill-side, disturbed an enormous leopard at his meal on a cow, which he had killed close to where I had wounded (?) the bear two evenings before. He gravely advised me to wait near the carcass at night, and said I would be sure to see the "jauwa" (animal) which had killed the cow. The owner of the cow, who fully believed in the leopard, was there too, calling on me to slay the ferocious creature. Of course I consented!

That night I went through a solemn farce of waiting for an imaginary leopard, which I knew was not in existence, and next day I moved my camp. Before leaving I satisfied the head man of the village with a liberal bucksheesh. I really felt that, but for his backing me up, I should have had my stay in Cashmere spoilt, and that Abdul Rahman, the shikarree, who was as blameless as myself, would have been subjected to severe punishment. I gave sufficient bucksheesh to the owner of my victim to enable him to buy at least two cows better than the one he had lost, and I am sure he longs for the day when another of his herd may be killed by a leopard and a "sahib" be there to give him bucksheesh to make up for it. No one was any the worse for the mishap, except the cow in its body and me in my pocket; but I was glad to be clear of such an awkward predicament at any price.

"All's well that ends well," however, as I subsequently more than realised my wildest anticipations regarding bearskins and bears' grease; but I was always very careful to make certain at what I was shooting, having a very vivid recollection of

How I shot my First Bear!

THE FIRST UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

The following extract from *Bell's Life* of the 14th of June, 1829, gives an account, in the correct sporting style of the period, of the first University Boat-Race that was ever rowed:—

"The grand rowing-match between nine collegians of the Cambridge and nine of the Oxford Universities, for 500 guineas, as it was said, took place on Wednesday evening, in the fine sheet of water extending from Henley Bridge to Hambledon Mills, in the close vicinity of the Abbey of Medmenham. Such interest did this match excite among amateurs from London, Oxford and Cambridge, and other places within fifty miles of Henley, that numbers repaired to the latter place several days previous to its taking place; and on the night prior scarcely a bed was to be had for love or money, and it has even been asserted that six guineas were offered and refused for an apartment facing the water. The betting for some time was in favour of the Cambridge gentlemen; but, it being ascertained that their opponents were using every precaution, and leaving nothing untried in the way of training beforehand, added to

which it was said they were all good men, the betting materially veered round in their favour, and it subsequently became scarcely possible for anyone to get a bet that the Cambridge did not come off the victors. Long previous to the time of starting Henley Reach was crowded with cutters, &c., and the assembled multitude of spectators was innumerable. About six o'clock the contending parties pulled up to Hambledon Lock, the Oxford in one of their superior boats, and the Cambridge in the one built by Searle and Co., Lambeth, which, for lightness and scientific construction, was perhaps never surpassed. One of the conditions of the match was that there should be no fouling, and on the signal being given for starting the boats came in collision, consequently they were compelled to return. On going off the second time, the Oxford boat took the lead; but previous to her going ahead they touched each other slightly, and the Cambridge for a moment appeared to consider whether they should continue rowing or return to the starting place. The Oxford collegians proceeded in their work in most gallant style, and the Cambridge followed several yards in the rear. Gradually did the leading boat go ahead, and, notwithstanding the Cambridge exerted themselves to the utmost to come up with their opponents, the winning boat came in first by about sixty yards, amid the most astounding cheers from the countless throng. The distance rowed was about two miles against the current, and was accomplished in about fourteen minutes. Notwithstanding the disadvantage Cambridge sustained in only for a moment considering, as they appeared to do, whether they should proceed or return, when they slightly fouled each other, their antagonists were evidently too much for them at any time, and under any circumstances, and it was the opinion of a number of amateurs that they were overmatched. So elated, it is said, are the Oxford amateurs with their success, that nothing is more probable than a grand match between them and the London gentlemen. Such a match, we are certain, would prove exceedingly interesting, and if such a contest is in contemplation, the sooner it is made the better."

It is to be hoped (says the *Observer*) that the story about the stake of £500—although such a thing would have been quite in accordance with the spirit of the time—is not strictly accurate, as in the Cambridge boat the present Bishop of Lichfield pulled the seventh oar, while Dean Merivale and Dr. Bayford sat behind him; and in the Oxford boat, behind Mr. Stanforth, of Storrs Hall, Windermere, the fourth and sixth thwarts were filled by the present Bishop of St. Andrews and the late Dean of Norwich, the venerable Dr. Garnier.

THE EAST KENT GUN CLUB.

THIS very popular club, comprising some of the very best shots in East Kent, commenced their fourth season on Friday week, the shooting, as usual, taking place at Old Park Farm, on the steeplechase-ground, about a mile from Canterbury. Although the weather was very cold, rain kept off, which induced a very good attendance of members. Two silver challenge cups, value twenty guineas each, were competed for; also a double-barrelled challenge gun (value £35), presented by Mr. Adsett, gunmaker, Canterbury. The first cup is called a silver subscription cup, and has to be won twice by the same person previous to becoming his absolute property. Twelve entries were obtained, and Captain Billington (26) and Mr. A. Gillow (28) each tied by killing five out of their number; and in shooting off, bird for bird, Captain Billington won at the first round. The gun followed, at five pigeons each, similar conditions. Mr. A. Gillow (28) killed all his pigeons and beat fifteen other members. The second cup, called the club cup, was shot for on similar conditions as the gun, by the same number of members; and this fell to Mr. Ebdon (a very popular member of the International Gun and Polo Club), by scoring four pigeons out of five. Six handicap sweepstakes, at three pigeons each, one sovereign entrance, were also shot during the afternoon. The first produced eleven entries. Captain Billington (26) won by killing four and beating Mr. Pilcher (26) and Captain Coventry (26) in the ties. Ten shot in the second—Mr. Pilcher winning by killing six pigeons, Mr. A. Gillow being his immediate attendant. Eleven entered for the third, the Hon. E. Jervis (28) winning by scoring four birds in succession, Mr. A. Gillow again running a good second. One additional entry was obtained for the fourth, Mr. A. Blaxland (25) picking up twelve sovereigns by killing four pigeons. The fifth fell to Mr. A. Clarke (26) (the hon. secretary of the Quex Park Gun Club), beating eleven others; and he divided the sixth and last with Mr. G. B. Solly, owing to the supply of birds being exhausted. The score of the three principal events is appended. Mr. A. Beer's patent pulling apparatus was again used, and proved a great success; and all the arrangements were ably carried out by Captain Coventry, the hon. secretary.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES FOR A SILVER SUBSCRIPTION CUP, value £21; six pigeons each; from five traps, &c. 12 subs.

Captain Billington, 26 yards' rise	1	1	1	0	1	1-5
Mr. A. Gillow, 28	1	1	1	1	1	0-5
Captain Coventry, 26	1	1	1	0	0	-3
Mr. G. B. Solly, 28	0	1	1	0	0	-2
Viscount St. Vincent, 24	0	1	1	0	0	-2
Mr. Ebdon, 27	0	1	1	0	0	-2
Mr. J. Horne, 25	0	1	1	0	0	-2
Mr. E. Neame, 27	1	0	0	0	0	-1
Mr. F. W. Cobb, 24	0	1	0	0	0	-1
Mr. Pilcher, 26	1	0	0	0	0	-1
The Hon. E. Jervis, 28	1	0	0	0	0	-1
Mr. A. Blaxland, 25	0	1	0	0	0	-1

Ties for the Cup.

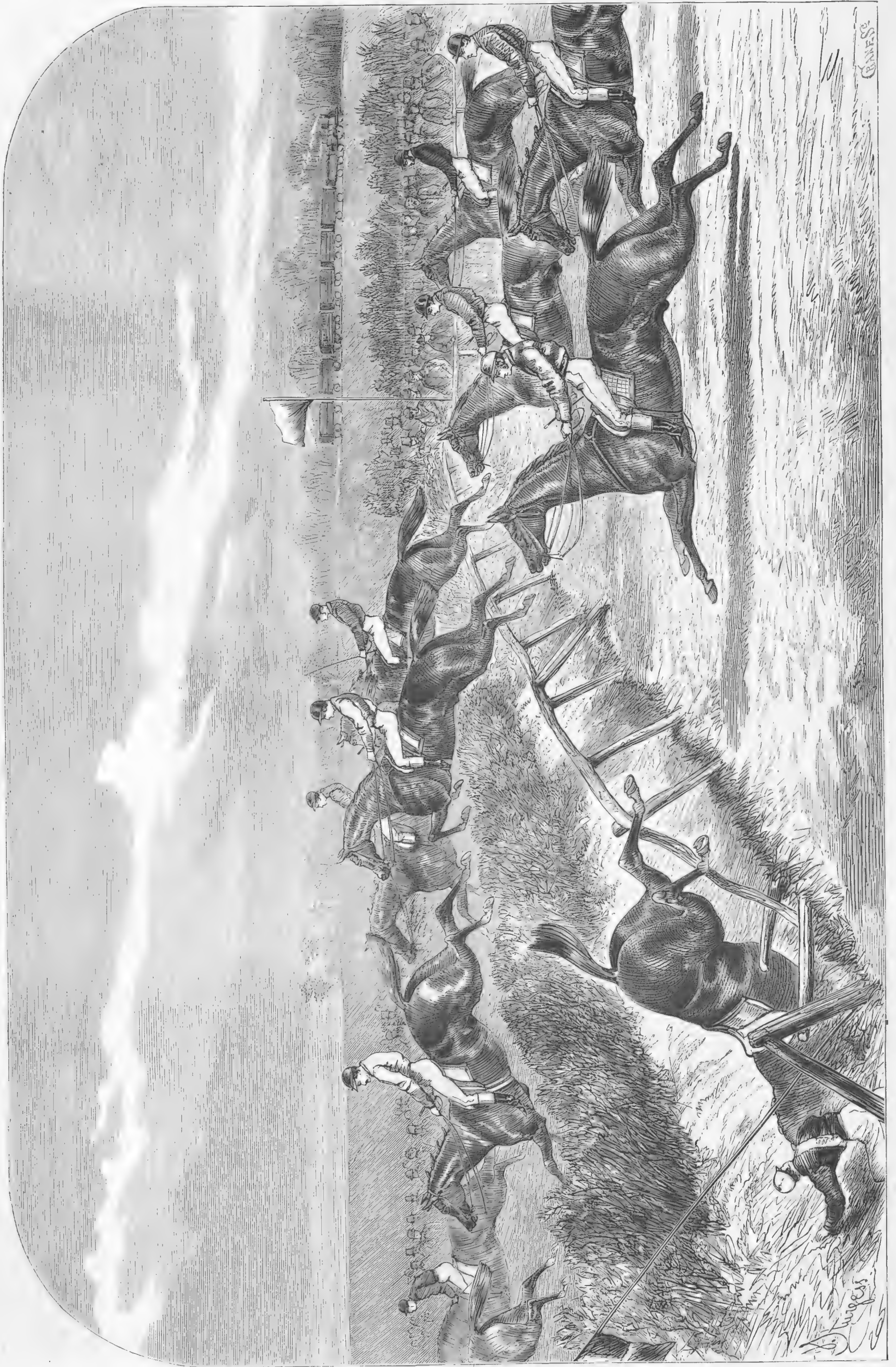
Captain Billington (the cup)	1
Mr. A. Gillow	0

A CHALLENGE GUN, value £35, presented by Mr. T. Adsett, gunmaker, Canterbury; five pigeons each; similar conditions and distances. 16 subs.

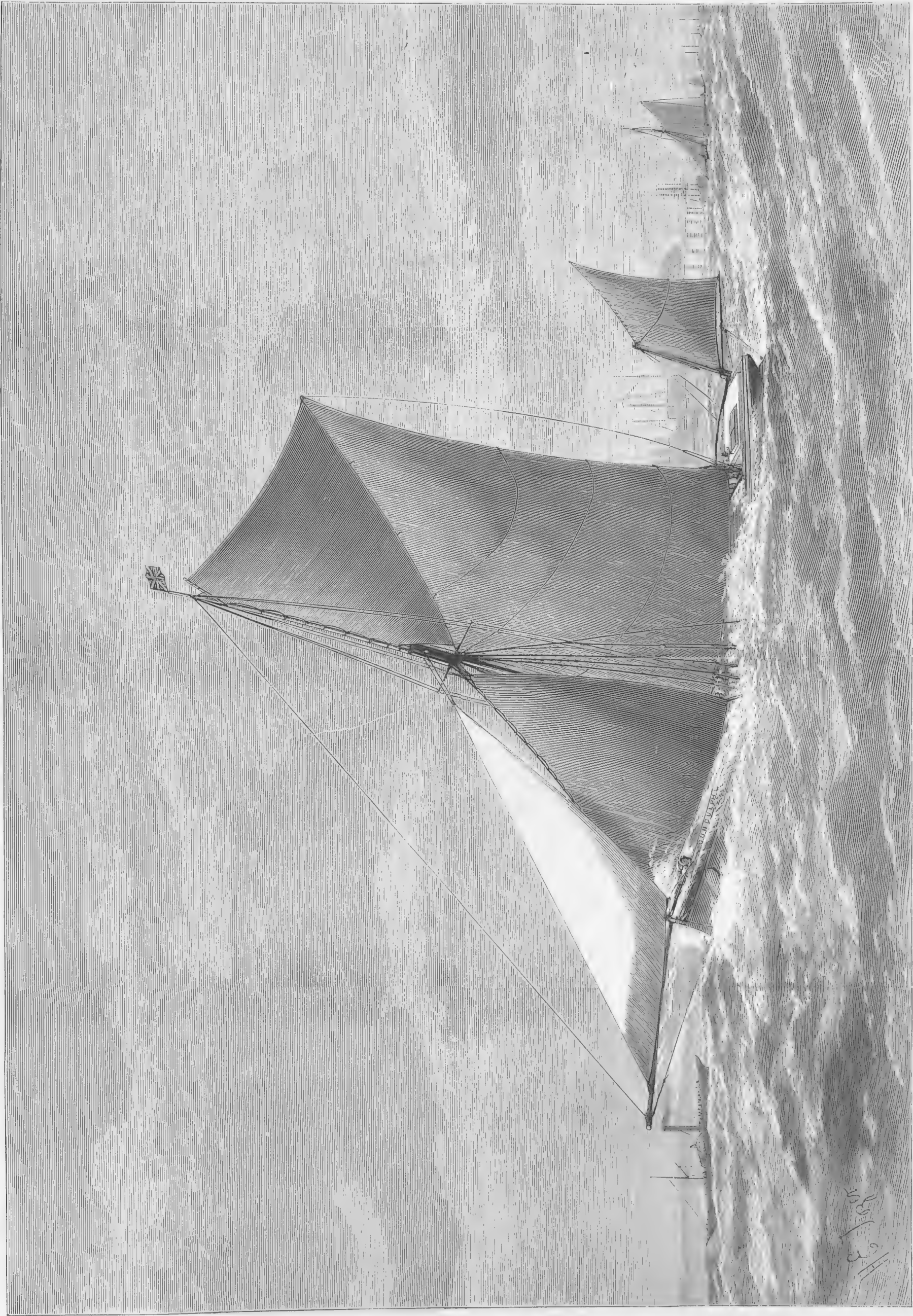
Mr. A. Gillow (the gun)	1	1	1	1	1-5
Mr. A. Blaxland	0	1	1	1	0-3
Mr. G. B. Solly	0	1	1	0	-2
Captain Coventry	0	1	1	0	-2
Mr. A. Clarke, 26 yards' rise	1	1	0	0	-2
Mr. Pilcher	0	1	1	0	-2
The Hon. E. Jervis	1	0	1	0	-2
Mr. F. W. Cobb	1	1	0	0	-2
Mr. J. Horne	0	1	1	0	-2
Mr. E. Neame	1	1	0	0	-1
Captain Billington	1	0	0	0	-1
Mr. A. Beer, 24	1	0	0	0	-1
Mr. Ebdon	0	0	0	0	-0
Viscount St. Vincent	0	0	0	0	-0
Mr. W. H. Wyld, 25	0	0	0	0	-0
Captain Austen, 26	0	0	0	0	-0

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES FOR A SILVER CUP (Challenge), given by the Club, value £21; five pigeons each; similar conditions. 16 subs.

Mr. Ebdon (the cup)	1	1	1	0	1-4
Captain Coventry	0	1	0	1	1-3
Mr. A. Blaxland	1	1	1	1	0-3
Mr. A. Gillow	1	1	0	0	-2
Captain Billington	0	1	1	0	-2
Mr. G. B. Solly	1	0	1	0	-2
Mr. E. Neame	1	0	1	0	-2
Mr. A. Beer	1	0	0	0	-1
Viscount St. Vincent	1	0	0	0	-1
Mr. A. Clarke	0	1	0	0	-1
Mr. J. Horne	0	0	0	0	-0
Mr. F. W. Cobb	0	0	0	0	-0
The Hon. E. Jervis	0	0	0	0	-0
Mr. Pilcher	0	0	0	0	-0
Mr. W. H. Wyld	0	0	0	0	-0
Captain Austen	0	0	0	0	-0



THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE—THE SECOND FENCE: FALL OF CLONAVE,



THE LOADED-BARGE MATCH: THE "GUNDULPH" AT THE LITTLE NORE.

Our Captious Critic.



A Spontaneous Benefit

wish to say a word or two about "Benefits." Of whatever real good the benefit system may be in cases of real need, I cannot but think that, as a general rule, no theatrical custom is more abused; that it is one of those frauds upon public credulity so encouraged by the Briton; and a thing that, in nine cases out of every ten, assumes to be what it is not—viz., an unsolicited and spontaneous indication of general sympathy, regard, admiration, or respect towards the *beneficiare* personally. In order to analyse the system, I will divide benefits into three classes.

1. There is the Spontaneous Benefit. It is of the rarest occurrence, and generally brings in less money than the other species. The spontaneous benefit is sometimes a tribute of regard or admiration to some artist of recognised ability, who has earned his laurels well, yet, perchance, through illness, misfortune, or accident, has been interrupted for a time in his professional labours. This class of benefit is to be applauded and supported; for nothing is more admirable than that feeling amongst artists which, upon the mention of a brother in distress, calls forth an instantaneous and solid response from the most prosperous down to the poorest-paid members of the profession. The Bohemian principle is that he who hath two coats shall give unto him who hath none. Growing luxury and selfishness are doing much to obliterate this instinct. Sometimes the spontaneous benefit is on behalf of some public and charitable institution. This also is commendable. Sometimes it is a friendly testimonial from a certain section of his friends



A Commercial Benefit

to an artist of renown, who is far from requiring any access of fortune. This, of course, is an unavoidable demonstration of private feeling which will exist in various forms in every class of trade or profession.

2. The Commercial Benefit. Under this head come all the benefits of the persons connected solely with the commercial management of theatres—acting managers, treasurers, &c. These benefits are not spontaneous, but are worked up more or less successfully by the *beneficiare*, who has the right to dispose of a certain number of tickets. Commercial men, unlike artists, are generally effective salesmen of tickets for their own benefit. The artist, on the contrary, moved either by a sort of pride or a sort of modesty, both of which, perhaps, are false, oftentimes shrinks from personally soliciting any one's pecuniary support. In the country an annual benefit is generally made a condition in the engagement of an actor. It would be much better to pay him a sufficient salary at the outset, and do away with an institution by which, according to temperaments, every artist does not profit alike.



A Compulsory Benefit

3. The Fiscal or Managerial Benefit. This is a performance to which the manager expects all the actors in his company to give their services gratuitously. It occurs always at the end of a season. An actor, therefore, has to reflect that to refuse to give his services would be inevitably to imperil his re-engagement for the ensuing season. "Of course you'll play for the governor's benefit," is the way in which it is put by the treasurer to the principal artists. Of course they will. The super-master puts it more strongly to the supernumeraries, many of whom, however, in the case of morning performances (having other avocations or trades during the day), are prevented from testifying their love and admiration for a manager who pays them a shilling a night. The extra ladies and ballet, down to every child, boy or girl, in the establishment, are absolutely forced to join in the hollow mockery; and you see it announced in the newspapers that "the numerous friends of Mr. So-and-So have, after an incredible amount of persuasion, prevailed upon him to take a benefit."

There is another species of benefit which I must class by itself as the Benefit Extraordinary; but as I never heard of but the one instance of it, and that in the historic page of antiquity, I will not ruthlessly do violence to the lingering remnants of my faith in human nature by believing that it could ever have had a precedent, or—

But I find my captiousness is degenerating into ill-nature, and this is the Boat-Race day. I will go to Putney.

[A delineation of our "C. C.'s" experiences at the Boat-Race will be found on another page.—Ed.]

THE DISPUTED CASES AT BROMLEY.—There was to have been a meeting of the sub-committee of the Grand National Hunt in London on Monday, but a quorum could not be secured, and the cases of Saucy Boy and His Majesty still stand over.

KILDARE (PUNCHEDOWN) STEEPLECHASES.—The Prince of Wales's Plate of 400 sovs has closed with 23 subs, the Irish Grand Military with 11, and the Grand Military Hunters' Race with 9.

ON MAY 1 will be published Part I. of the *Cricketer and Athletic Gazette*. The magazine will contain articles on the chief sports and games, their history, how to play them, lives of athletes, remarkable scores, accounts of matches of all kinds &c., and athletic news generally.

THE INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB.—Owing to several members being absent at the University Boat-Race, only eight put in an appearance at Preston on Saturday, when several sweepstakes of two sovs each, at three birds, were decided, the chief winners being Captain Harrison, Mr. Clifton, Mr. Fuller, and Mr. Seaton. There was a north-easterly wind, and the weather continued fine throughout the day. There will be no shooting to-day, but on Easter Monday and Tuesday very large fields are expected to compete for five free prizes, with optional and other sweepstakes.

BRENTWOOD and South Essex Hunt Steeplechases and Hurdle Races will be held this year on the Robin Hood Course, near the town, on Thursday, April 29. The flat course, which is all sound grass, is over six furlongs, oval; and the steeplechase course one mile and a quarter, all grass, except one piece of clover seeds, with six good natural fences. Mr. Marcus Verrall is appointed clerk of the course.

AFTER AN EXPERIENCE OF OVER FORTY YEARS, it has been established that there are few instances of defects of the Hair which cannot be arrested, neutralised, or remedied by the use of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer, and the favourable effect be seen at once; and though the Hair may have become Grey, Thin, or Faded, it may be Renewed and Restored to all the glossy loveliness of which it is susceptible.—Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. Dépôt, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[Advrt.]

THE LATE MR. H. L. BATEMAN.

Few deaths could cause such general and profound regret among the best class of English playgoers as that of Mr. H. L. Bateman, which, as already announced, occurred on Monday night. A native of Maryland, he became equally celebrated on both sides of the Atlantic, and his biography, which is worthy to be written, would tell the story of an admirable energy and a sound judgment employed on as high a purpose as lay within the sphere of his activity. He has appeared in three capacities. First, he was known as the father of the "Bateman Children," who were famed for the display of histrionic talent at a very early age. Infant Roscii commonly balance the precocity of their youth with an inglorious maturity, but while the younger child has long retired into private life, the elder (now Mrs. Crowe) remains with us, and retains all her popularity. It was as the father of Miss Bateman and the director of her performances that Mr. Bateman appeared in his second capacity. In the third, which dates from the autumn of 1871, when he became manager of the Lyceum Theatre, he stood gallantly forward as the promoter of an intellectual and morally irreproachable drama at a day when the theatrical world was threatened with a deluge of vice and frivolity. The marvellously-successful revival of *Hamlet* was the crowning triumph of the "old Colonel," as he was familiarly called in theatrical circles, and this had reached its height when he almost suddenly expired.

A correspondent sends us the following particulars respecting Mr. Bateman's sudden death:—

"On Sunday last Mr. Henry Irving gave a dinner to a large number of theatrical friends, of whom Mr. Bateman was one, at the Pall Mall Restaurant. Mr. Irving's hospitality having been prolonged somewhat beyond the legal hour for closing licensed houses, about half-past eleven o'clock he was surprised by the appearance of a posse of police constables, headed by their superior officer, who rather unceremoniously required that the company should at once separate. Mr. Bateman, who was sitting upon Mr. Irving's right hand, being of a somewhat excitable temperament, protested in good set terms, at the same time offering his address-card and those of several other gentlemen present to the chief officer, who is stated to have peremptorily replied that he wanted no cards, but that what he required was the immediate dispersal of the party. Mr. Bateman was excessively indignant, and, having given expression to his feelings, presently withdrew to the Westminster Club, of which he and several of the gentlemen present were members. At the club the incident narrated formed the subject of animated discussion up to an advanced hour, when the company separated, Mr. Bateman returning to his residence at Rutland-gate. Rising at an early hour on Monday morning, he was in the act of dressing when he complained of an unusual pain in the region of the heart; and, complying with the advice of his family, he lay down upon his bed, where he remained throughout the day. In the evening Miss Isabel Bateman left her father's house to enact her rôle of 'Ophelia' at the Lyceum Theatre, without the slightest apprehension of the serious nature of her father's illness. At seven o'clock Mr. Bateman appeared to be in a calm sleep. Shortly after nine o'clock he was discovered to be dead, and the medical men, summoned on the instant, pronounced that death must have occurred fully two hours previously. Intelligence of the sad event reached the theatre about ten o'clock, but it was prudently considered desirable not to interrupt the performance; and Miss Bateman, while passionately deplaining upon the death of her fictitious parent Polonius, was happily ignorant of the death at the same moment of her own father."—*Times*.

THE NEW FRENCH STEEPLECHASE REGULATIONS.

AFTER the Auteuil Meeting on Sunday the list-keepers in the ring and outside on the course were invited into the weighing-room to be informed of some new regulations the "Société des Steeplechases de France" had determined to put in force. The committee declared that, owing to various complaints which had been made to them, and desirous that the race-course should no longer resemble a fair-field, they had made up their minds to rescind the permissions granted to the different list-keepers at the commencement of the season, and refund the money received on deposit, unless the parties interested would agree to these conditions:—That bets were only to be valid on horses actually starting, and all money was to be returned which had been invested on horses that did not go to the post. That all tickets issued by the bookmakers were to bear the full particulars of the bet, the amount invested, the odds laid, the name of the horse, whether backed for a place or to win, &c. That each list-keeper should deposit 5000fr., or £200, as a kind of guarantee for each stand occupied by him, or an amount equal to £300 should two adjoining stands be taken by the same hirer, such deposit not to bear any interest, and be placed in the hands of the committee five clear days before the commencement of each season, and be returnable five days after the last meeting. To counterbalance a prohibition issued against all carriages, stands, umbrellas, and other insignia of the profession, the société has promised to erect a certain number of temporary offices for the use of the list-keepers and for the purpose of carrying on their business with the public. All those who were willing to comply with these conditions were requested to notify their assent before five p.m. on Tuesday, so that a meeting might be held during the week at Oller's, and the places or offices about to be constructed by the committee be put up at auction, as all the old regulations have become rescinded by the new decision taken to put some stop to the small bookmakers who have lately so invaded every race meeting. With regard to the decision of the Société d'Encouragement closing the courses at Longchamps, Chantilly, and Fontainebleau against the list-keepers, it is thought that some understanding may be come to on a basis which will be offered by the new regulations of the committee of the steeplechase meetings, which, it is said, will be eagerly accepted by the list-men, who have every interest in limiting their number, so as to avoid arousing the susceptibilities of the police, who are anxious to put down betting altogether.—*Sportsman*.

PEDIGREE OF THE GUNNER.—The following letter has been addressed to the Editor of the *Sporting Life*:—"Sir,—Some of the sporting papers have stated that The Gunner, winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap, is not a fashionably-bred horse. Through your paper, I beg to defy any good judge to say that he is not one of the very best-bred horses in England. By Crater, by Orlando out of Vesuvienne, by Gladiator, her dam Venus, by Sir Hercules out of Echo, by Emilius; Gunner's dam, Double Shot, by Stockwell out of Lady Audrey, by Pantaloon, her dam Sister to Blue Mantle, by Sultan.—Yours faithfully, Lydston Newman.—3, Buckingham-gate, S.W. March 22, 1875."

EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Each packet is labelled JAMES EPPE and Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, 48, Threadneedle-street; and 170, Piccadilly. Works for Dietetic Preparations, Euston-road and Camden Town.—[Advrt.]

Athletic Sports.

The most persistent attendant at Lillie-bridge must have been fully satisfied with the quantity of sport provided for him during the past few days, and we scarcely know where to commence a few remarks on the various meetings. Perhaps, however, it is best to "begin at the beginning," and, acting on this, we may dismiss the boxing for the Marquis of Queensberry's Challenge Cups very shortly. With one or two exceptions, the form of those engaged was very poor, and the spectators, who did not muster so strongly as usual, appeared to take little interest in the proceedings. Perhaps the best bouts of the afternoon were those between Angle and Smith, and Angle and Highton. The former possesses great punishing powers; but he is far too fond of fighting, and this doubtless influenced the decision of the judges. Dénéréaz, the holder of the light-weight cup, was beaten in the final bout by Giles, who sparred very prettily, but scarcely did the same execution as his opponent, whose style, however, is very ugly. The wrestling was simply a farce. We append a return:—

LIGHT WEIGHTS (under 10st).—First round: L. Dénéréaz, City Gymnastic Club, beat H. Stapleton, German Gymnasium; L. Hasluck, German Gymnastic Society, beat T. A. Skeate, West London Boxing Club; H. S. Giles beat H. J. Pitt, Manchester Athenæum Gymnastic Club; D. Landell, German Gymnastic Society, beat A. Aitchison. Second round: Giles beat Hasluck, Dénéréaz beat Landall. Final round: Giles beat Dénéréaz (the holder), and won.

MIDDLE WEIGHTS (over 10st and under 11st 4lb).—First round: H. Kiddell, Thames Rowing Club, beat E. L. Hein, Somerset Football Club; J. H. Douglas, Broxbourne Cricket Club, beat A. S. Hunt, West London Boxing Club; W. Bridges Webb, London Rowing Club, beat J. Howell, Thames Rowing Club. Second round: Douglas beat Webb, Kiddell (a bye). Final round: Douglas beat Kiddell, and won.

HEAVY WEIGHTS (over 11st 4lb).—First round: B. J. Angle, Thames Rowing Club, beat R. F. Smith, West London Boxing Club; A. L. Highton, Queen's College, Oxford, (a bye). Final round: Highton beat Angle, and won.

WRESTLING (catch hold above the waist, two falls out of three).—W. Winthrop, Cambridge University, threw S. E. Squire, German Gymnastic Society, twice in succession, and won.

The Inter-University Sports last Friday attracted fully 8000 spectators, still the interest felt in them by the cognoscenti was far less than usual; for, as we stated last week, it was morally impossible that Cambridge could win the odd event. The day was quite warm and spring-like, without a breath of wind, and, as the path was in splendid order, everything was in favour of good time. In these latter days we should feel quite disappointed if some "best performance on record" were not accomplished about this time of year, and it was therefore taken as a matter of course that G. H. Hales (Cambridge), who was credited with the longest hammer throw on record just twelve months ago, should surpass this effort with a splendid throw of 127ft. The four sprinters were very moderate indeed, and though the time for the 100 Yards was given as 10 2-5sec, we are perfectly certain that it was fully two-fifths of a second slower; indeed, as for some unaccountable reason, the obsolete method of starting by word of mouth instead of by pistol is still adopted, it is quite impossible to time a short race with real accuracy. We should not have alluded to the race at all, except to raise our protest against the number of false starts which occurred. The men must have left their marks twelve or fifteen times before they were ultimately dispatched to a wretched start, in which the Cambridge pair gained more than a yard. Of course, it is impossible to penalise men in contests of this description; but if a system of penalties and disqualifications were strictly enforced in all the college and open races we should be spared all the delay at the post, and the unedifying sight of four men dancing about on their marks like cats on hot bricks. As we anticipated last week, E. A. Sandford (Oxford) reversed positions with E. J. R. Nicolls (Oxford) in the Mile, in which A. Goodwyn (Oxford) ran very prominently till within 200 yards of the tape. The path at Oxford was desperately heavy, which gave a powerful man like Nicolls a considerable advantage over a small, light man like Sandford; still the running at each place was wonderfully true. The Cambridge trio cut a miserable figure in this race; nor did her representatives in the Three Miles run any better, not one of the six finishing the distance in either race. We were greatly disappointed with F. Jefferson (Cambridge), of whom we had received a great account. He ran in poor style, with high, tiring action, and was rolling all over the course before he had gone half-way. W. R. H. Stevenson (Oxford) had regained all his form of last year, and, going with a fine raking stride, easily took his revenge on E. W. L. Bulpett (Oxford) for the defeat that the former inflicted on him, at Marston, a fortnight ago; still the Rugbyian showed great improvement on any of his previous performances, and is about the only winner of a Crick Run who has subsequently distinguished himself. The surprise of the meeting was the defeat of H. K. Upcher (Oxford) in the Hurdle-Race by A. B. Loder (Cambridge). It is not generally known, however, that in throwing the hammer at the Oxford University Sports Upcher broke a college servant's arm, doubled up a second bystander with the handle, which caught him in the pit of the stomach, and sprained his own back, "all at one shot." This would fully account for his temporary loss of form, and we feel sure that, when quite up to the mark, he is four or five yards better than Loder. The finish for the Quarter between T. Snow (Oxford) and A. R. Lewis (Cambridge) was a very pretty one. The former begins badly, but he is a far better jumper than Lewis, and, from the way in which he passed the tape, there is no doubt that he had something in hand. The Oxford men thus won six events out of the nine, and have had matters pretty much their own way, both by land and water, this year. We postpone our remarks on the Champion Meeting until next week, but as these two meetings are the most important of the year, we consider it advisable to append detailed accounts of them, which will prove useful for future reference:—

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY SPORTS.

THROWING THE HAMMER, 16lbs.—G. H. Hales (Cambridge), 127ft. 1; J. D. Todd (Oxford), 121ft 4in, 2; N. J. Littleton (Cambridge), 0; S. F. St. B. (Oxford), 0.

ONE HUNDRED YARDS.—C. C. Woodland (Cambridge), 1; E. C. Myddleton-Evans (Oxford), 2; W. C. R. Bedford (Cambridge), 0; C. J. Todd (Oxford), 0. After several false starts the word was given—when both Cambridge men were well on the move, and Myddleton-Evans could never catch Woodland, who won by fully a yard. Time, 10 1-5sec.

HIGH JUMP.—M. G. Glazebrook (Oxford), 5ft 9in, 1; M. J. Brooks (Oxford), 5ft 7in, 2; S. A. Walker (Cambridge), 0; A. B. Loder (Cambridge), 0.

ONE MILE.—E. A. Sandford (Oxford), 1; E. R. J. Nicolls (Oxford), 2; A. Goodwyn (Oxford), 3; C. Jackson (Cambridge), 0; C. C. Cumberbatch (Cambridge), 0; W. Collier (Cambridge), 0. They started at a wretchedly slow pace, the first lap occupying 1min 31sec, and the half-mile 2min 15sec. Directly they began to race the three Cambridge men were disposed of, and Nicolls turned into the straight with a lead of nearly half a dozen yards. After a very fine spurt Goodwyn was beaten, and Sandford, gradually drawing up to the leader, caught him about forty yards from home, and won very cleverly by half a yard. Time, 4min 34 4-5sec.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-YARDS HURDLE-RACE, TEN FLIGHTS.—A. B. Loder (Cambridge), 1; H. K. Upcher (Oxford), 2; W. C. R. Bedford (Cambridge), 0; C. A. Bayly (Oxford), 0. Upcher got the best of a poor start, but at about half-way Loder drew level with him. They took the last five hurdles exactly together, but Loder, being slightly the faster on the flat, won a desperate race by a bare foot. Time, 16 4-5ths sec.

QUARTER-MILE.—T. Snow (Oxford), 1; A. R. Lewis (Cambridge), 2; E. B. Broadbent (Oxford), 0; W. D. Grant (Cambridge), 0. As they turned into the straight, the race was confined to Lewis and Snow, the former holding a lead of fully six yards. The Oxford president, however, steadily

gained on him, and as he tired very much in the last fifty yards, won, with something in hand, by about a yard and a half. Time, 51 3-5ths sec.

PUTTING THE WEIGHT.—S. S. Brown (Oxford), 39ft 2in, 1; C. H. Hodges (Oxford), 2; N. J. Littleton (Cambridge), 0; H. O. D. Davidson (Cambridge), 0.

LONG JUMP.—H. K. Upcher (Oxford), 21ft, 1; E. W. Stocks (Cambridge), 2; H. V. Surtees (Oxford), 0; G. E. Bayley (Cambridge), 0.

THREE MILES.—W. R. H. Stevenson (Oxford), 1; C. W. L. Bulpett (Oxford), 2; H. Russell (Oxford), 3; F. Jefferson (Cambridge), 0; J. S. Yardley (Cambridge), 0; G. A. Lewis (Cambridge), 0. As in the Mile, the Cambridge men were soon hopelessly out of it, and when they had gone two thirds of the distance the race lay entirely between Stevenson and Bulpett. Shortly before entering the last lap the former went to the front, and, despite the game struggles of Bulpett, won cleverly by 25 yards; Russell a very bad third, and none of the others passed the post. Time, 15min 30 2-5sec.

THE CHAMPION MEETING.

SEVEN MILES WALKING.—W. J. Morgan (Atlanta R.C.), 1; H. Webster (Victoria A.C., Stoke-on-Trent), 0; J. H. Becke (O.U.A.C.), 0. The last-named took the lead for three hundred yards, when he was passed by the other two, Webster showing the way until passing the pavilion the first time, when Morgan put on a tremendous spurt, and soon held a lead of sixty or seventy yards. This he gradually increased, and Becke, hopelessly outpaced, stopped before he had completed a mile and a half. Webster persevered gamely for five miles, when he also retired, leaving Morgan to finish alone. The winner's times were:—One mile, 6min 55sec; two, 14min 34sec; three, 22min 15sec; four, 30min 14sec; five, 38min 10sec; six, 46min 12sec; seven, 53min 47sec.

THROWING THE HAMMER (16lb).—W. A. Burgess, 103ft 9in, 1; J. D. Todd (O.U.A.C.), 101ft 6in, 2; S. S. Brown (O.U.A.C.), 0.

ONE HUNDRED YARDS.—J. Potter (Manchester), 1; H. Lucas (S.L.H.), 2; W. C. Bedford (C.U.A.C.), 0; E. C. Myddleton-Evans (O.U.A.C.), 0. Lucas got the best of a bad start, and led until about five yards from the tape, when Potter caught him and won by six inches. Time, 10 3-5sec.

HIGH JUMP.—M. G. Glazebrook (O.U.A.C.), 5ft 11in, w.o.

ONE MILE.—W. Slade (L.A.C.), 1; T. R. Hewitt (C.U.A.C.), 0; W. Winthrop (C.U.A.C.), 0. Slade dashed off at a cracking pace, with Winthrop lying second, until they had covered about a quarter of a mile, when the latter was beaten, and Hewitt drew up to the leader. This order was maintained until about three hundred yards from home, when the ex-Cantab was run out, and Slade came up the straight alone. Time, 4min 34 3-5ths sec.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-YARDS HURDLES.—First heat: A. B. Loder (C.U.A.C.), 1; C. A. Bayly (O.U.A.C.), +; C. L. Lockton (Merchant Taylors), +. Loder led all the way, and won easily, the other two making a dead-heat of it. Time, 17 2-5ths sec.

Second heat: H. K. Upcher (O.U.A.C.), 1; W. C. Bedford (C.U.A.C.), 2; G. Willmore (Crystal Palace A.C.), 0. Upcher would have won as he liked, but, falling heavily at the last hurdle, he only just scrambled home in front of Bedford, with Willmore a foot behind. Time, 18 3-5ths sec.

Final Heat: Upcher, 1; Loder, 2; Bedford, 0; Bayly, 0. This was a desperate struggle, Upcher and Loder taking almost every hurdle exactly together; but the former was a little quicker in the run in, and won by 6 in. Time, 16 4-5ths sec.

440 YARDS.—T. E. Elborough (L.A.C.), 1; A. R. Lewis (C.U.A.C.), 2; J. Potter, Manchester, 0. Elborough made the pace very hot all up the back stretch, and going across the top of the ground held a lead of nearly ten yards. Seeing that he had the race in hand, he slightly eased in coming up the straight, and eventually won by about six yards from Lewis, who passed Potter in the last two strides. Time, 51sec.

PUTTING THE WEIGHT.—T. Stone (Liverpool A.C.), 39ft 10in, 1; W. Winthrop (C.U.A.C.), 0.

HALF MILE.—E. A. Sandford (O.U.A.C.), 1; H. A. Bryden (L.A.C.), 2; H. W. Hill (L.A.C.), 0; C. Cumberbatch (C.U.A.C.), 0; F. W. Todd (Irish Clumpion A.C.), 0. As soon as they had fairly settled into their stride Sandford went to the front, with Bryden second, and Hill third. Passing the pavilion Bryden put on a fine spurt, and soon held a lead of eight or ten yards. At the top of the straight Hill Cumberbatch and Todd were beaten, and Sandford went on in pursuit of Bryden. The Oxford man finished very strongly, and as Bryden tired dreadfully in the last thirty yards, Sandford managed to beat him by a foot. Time, 2min 4 1-5 sec.

BROAD JUMP.—C. L. Lockton (Merchant Taylors'), 20ft 10in, 1; H. K. Upcher (O.U.A.C.), 0.

FOUR MILES.—F. T. Gibbs (S.L.H.), 1; J. Swift (West Kent C.C.), 0; P. H. Stemming (Cleveland F.C.), 0; W. Slade (L.A.C.), 0; P. M. Ward (Farnham C.C.), 0; C. W. L. Bulpett (O.U.A.C.), 0. After the first lap the race was resolved into a match between Gibbs and Slade, the former making play at his best pace, and doing all he knew to cut down the champion. In this he ultimately succeeded, for, after going about two miles and a half, Slade was run out, his great exertions in the Mile evidently telling on him, and Gibbs finished alone. His times were—One mile, 4min 53sec; two, 10min 8sec; three, 15min 32sec; four, 21min 9sec.

On Tuesday afternoon H. P. Whiting won the four miles' bicycle championship for the third year in succession. He had five opponents, of whom J. Copland (Surrey B.C.) ran him so closely that he accomplished the fastest time on record for the distance, covering one mile in 3min 21sec, two in 6min 45sec, three in 10min 9sec, and four in 13min 20 2-5ths sec. We believe that the winner will not ride in public after this year. Copland also rode wonderfully well, and was not beaten by more than twenty yards.

Billiards.

THOUGH, as we announced last week, every arrangement had been made for the Inter-University billiard-matches to take place at Smith's Rooms, 303, Strand, yet at the last moment the contest fell through, owing, we believe, to some objection on the part of the Oxford men to appear in public. We were sorry to hear of this termination to the games, as, if men play for the cue, they ought not to shrink from doing battle for their University. We fear that the old prejudice against billiards has not quite died out in some quarters, for we never hear of a University man objecting to give a public exhibition of his powers as an oarsman or athlete, while over and over again we are told, "Oh, Smith is not the best billiard-player at Oxford (or Cambridge), Brown or Jones can both beat him easily, but they did not care to enter."

Though we have no matches for money to chronicle, a great many exhibition games have taken place during the last few weeks, and some splendid breaks have been made. On the Grand National night Cook and Taylor played at Liverpool, the latter receiving a start of 200 in 1000. The champion made breaks of 129 (31), 176 (57), 96 (24), 84, and 69, and got in front no less than three times; but Taylor stuck well to him, and, with runs of 115 (33), 105 (29), 101 (17), 90, and 74, eventually won by 70 points. Taylor and Stanley met at the Crystal Palace, on Saturday, in a game of 500 up, and the former, who made a fine break of 191, scored a clever victory. We are glad to see that W. Timbrell appears to have recovered from his recent severe indisposition, and in a game with John Roberts, jun., at Liverpool, on Monday last, put together a splendid break of 321 (91). On the previous Saturday the latter made 320, and beat Cook easily; but in the evening the champion run up a fine 315, and took his revenge. On Tuesday night the same players appeared at Nottingham, when Cook put together a wonderful run of 705, which is the largest break that he has made for many months. It included 204 spot hazards, 98 of them being consecutive. The indisposition of Taylor, who is suffering from a boil on the arm, has somewhat spoilt the interest of the American tournament, promoted by F. Shorter, which is taking place at the Norfolk Hotel, Paddington. At the time of writing, Stanley and Shorter have shown the best play. The former, in a game with his brother, put together 162 (51) and 330 (6 and 96), and Shorter made 172 (50) in fine style when opposed to Harry Evans. The following is the programme for to-night (Saturday):—

7. 0—H. Evans, 100, v. D. Richards, 150.
8.30—G. Collins, 125, v. F. Shorter, 150.
10. 0—T. Taylor, scratch, v. S. W. Stanley, scratch.

We shall give the result and some notes on the play next week. The figures in brackets denote the number of consecutive spot-strokes.

The day is at length fixed for the match between Joseph Bennett and T. Taylor, and they will play 1000 up even for £100 a side, on Tuesday, April 13, at the Guildhall Tavern,

Gresham-street. On the following evening Taylor will meet Cook for £100 a side, the latter conceding a start of 300 in 1000, spot-hazard barred.

Rackets.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

WHETHER the luck of Cambridge will turn later on in the season remains to be seen, but at present every event of any importance this year has (with the exception of the chess-match) been scored against them. The first of the annual racket-matches was played on Tuesday afternoon last, at Prince's Club, Hans-place, between Messrs. R. O. Milne (Brasenose) and T. S. Dury (St. John's) on the part of Oxford, while Messrs. J. M. Batten (St. John's) and H. A. Bull (Trinity) represented the sister University. Little or no interest seemed to attach to the match, and, although it is usual to find the spacious gallery which overlooks the court crammed to suffocation, on this occasion there was enough room to accommodate double the number of spectators who were present. This may be accounted for by the fact that the match was looked on as a foregone conclusion for the Oxonians, a well-known amateur cricketer offering to bet even money that the Cantabs would not place a single game of the whole rubber to their credit. Premising that the conditions were the best of seven games, and that the civil and obliging Fairs, who is better known as "Punch," marked with his usual care, further details may be summarily dismissed.

Oxford won the toss, and Milne, at the commencement of the first game, gave evidence of what might be expected from him and his partner, as he scored seven aces before losing possession of the court. The Cambridge men made two in their first essay, and the same number in their second; but on their opponents' getting in again they ran clean out by 15 to 4. The second game was almost a repetition of the former, as, although the Light Blues went away at first and were 5 to love, the Oxford pair scored nine in their first hand. To this the Cantabs replied with two, when their opponents scored the requisite half-dozen aces, and won the game by 15 to 7. In the third game the Cambridge men made the best struggle of the whole match, and at one time were 4 to 2, and later on 9 to 6. Their opponents then added half a dozen, and, in turn, Batten and Bull added a couple. This was the nearest they got to the score of Oxford, as the latter eventually won by 15 to 12. Little need be said of the final game, as Oxford went right away, and were at one time 11 to 3. The Cantabs added only three more when the Oxonians went out by 15 to 6, thus winning the game and rubber. Remarks on the play are almost uncalled for, as it was painfully manifest that the winners were superior in every point of the game. Messrs. R. D. Walker and C. Bruce officiated as umpires.

THE SINGLE-HANDED MATCH.

From the comparatively poor fight made by Cambridge in the four-handed match on Tuesday, it was evident that the single-handed game was looked on as a certainty for Oxford when Mr. Milne and Mr. Batten were pitted against each other on Wednesday. There was but little betting, odds of 4 to 1 being offered, without a response, on the Dark Blue champion; but, to the evident surprise of many of the knowing ones, Batten won the first game by 15 to 8, he playing by far in better form than on the previous day. At one time the game was called "7 all;" but from this point Milne, who seemed at first rather abroad, only added a single ace, when Batten ran out. In the second game Milne pulled himself more together, and at one time was 9 to 4; but, although Batten played with great spirit and determination, he was ultimately beaten by 15 to 7. The third game was for a short time closely contested, as the players were "4 all;" then Milne went well in front and became 11 to 6. Batten added only one more when the Oxonian won his second game by 15 to 7. In the fourth game condition seemed to tell its inevitable story, Milne, who scarcely turned a hair, being "7 to love," and then 12 to 1. Setting to work in a most determined manner, the Brasenose man never gave his opponent another chance, and won the game and rubber by 15 to 1. Mr. R. D. Walker again acted as umpire, and Fairs marked with his accustomed accuracy. Exon.

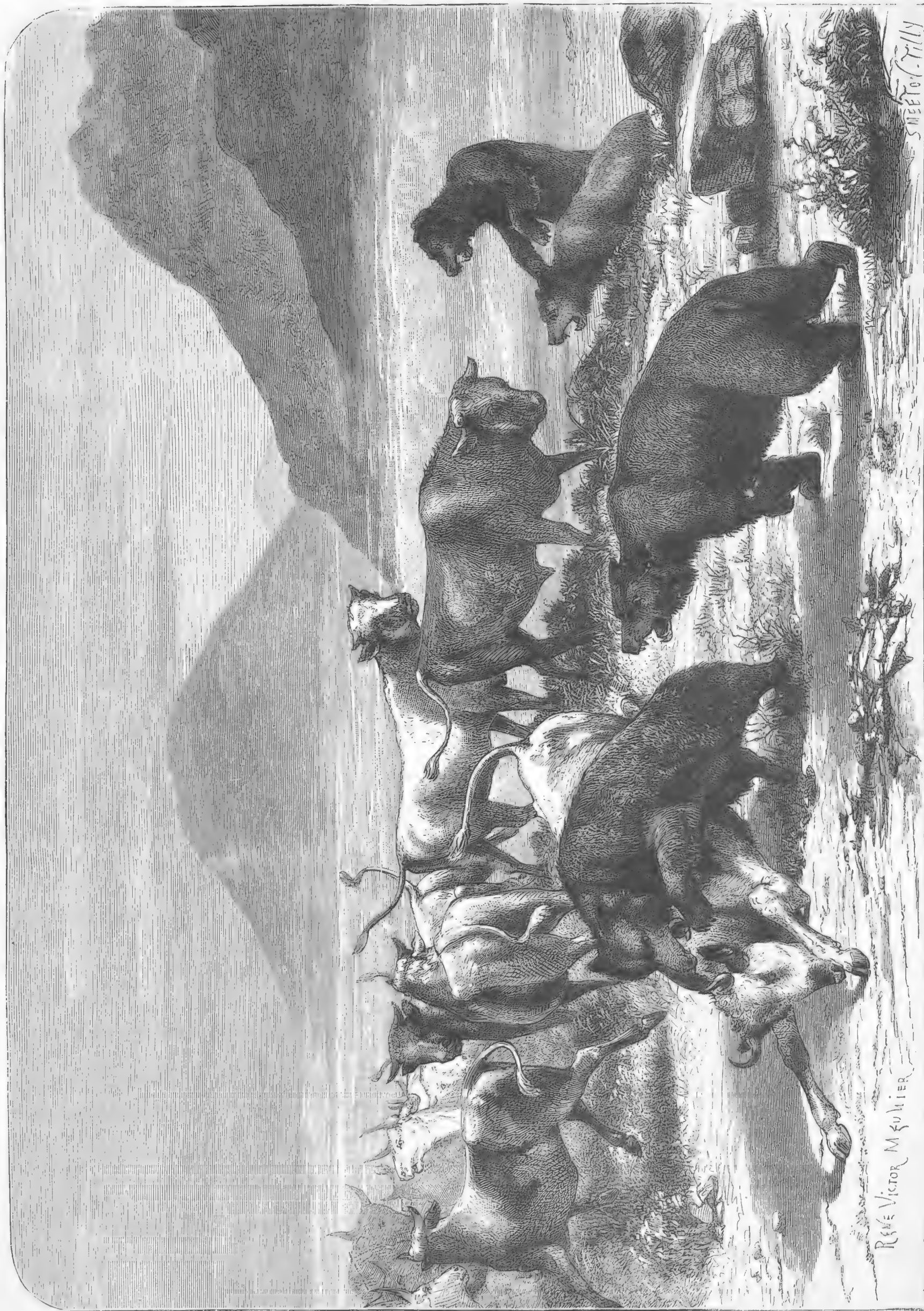
Reviews.

A Manual of Veterinary Sanitary Science and Police. By George Fleming, Member of Council and of the Examining Board of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Messrs. Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly. This work is divided into four parts. The first is devoted to the consideration of the nature, causes, &c., of epizootic and contagious diseases; the second treats of the prevention and suppression of these maladies, and more especially of legislative measures and the necessity for a veterinary sanitary organisation; the third part deals with the special contagious maladies, some of which exist in this country and others which have not yet visited us, but may do so any day; the fourth division includes the inspection of slaughter-houses, meat, and milk—a subject that has hitherto been almost neglected in this country so far as veterinary science is concerned. In this work all the contagious diseases to which domesticated animals are liable have been most exhaustively treated, including the most important maladies, as "cattle-plague," "foot and mouth disease," "pleuro-pneumonia," "glanders and farcy," "variola," "rabies," "anthrax," "scabies," and "tuberculosis;" whilst the curative treatment and sanitary measures have received great consideration. The study of these diseases in a sanitary point of view interests more or less the sanitarian, legislator, magistrate, veterinary surgeon, and student of medicine, as well as the public at large, on account of the influence these maladies exercise upon the health and welfare of human beings. The author has thoroughly ventilated this exhaustive subject, and produced a work that must prove a standard authority in veterinary science.

At the sitting of the Melton Mowbray magistrates, on Tuesday, John Large was fined £2 and costs, or in default ordered to be imprisoned for two months, for placing poisoned meat on the ground. Three valuable hounds belonging to the Earl of Lonsdale had eaten some of the meat and had died from the effects of the poison.

ACCIDENT TO MAJOR BROWNE.—Major Browne, of Lesbury House, Northumberland, met with a serious accident on Friday week while hunting with his foxhounds. The hounds met at Chillingham Newtown, about ten miles from Alnwick, and, whilst hunting, Major Browne's horse stumbled and fell, the Major's leg being broken.

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A HERD OF CATTLE ATTACKED BY GRIZZLY BEARS ON THE PRAIRIES NEAR THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THE GAME OF SOUTHERN AFRICA.

THERE is no country in the world where such a variety of the antelope species is to be found as in the district between the Limpopo and the Zambesi rivers, and the accompanying Engravings show the trophies a hunter is likely to obtain in these parts. Vast herds of all kinds of antelope are to be met with in this district, and they ravage the country over which they pass until scarcely a blade of grass is to be seen. During their periodical migrations, or "trek boken," as they are called by the colonists, thousands upon thousands of all kinds of animals may be seen pouring over the country like a great river, ever moving onwards. I shall now give a short description of the various species I have fallen in with in this region.

The SASSAYBE, or bastard hartebeeste (*Damalis lunatus*), is generally found in small herds in the neighbourhood of rivers. The adult male stands about 4 ft 6 in at the shoulder, 4 ft at the croup, and is 8 ft 6 in in extreme length. The general colour is a reddish-brown, with a very dark blaze down the face, and black points, and the tail has a black tuft at the end. The horns are 12 in long, with ten or twelve incomplete rings, which, first turning outwards and then sweeping inwards and

backwards, seem to form a complete crescent from the front. The female, which is a much smaller animal, has much more slender horns. Bechuana and Matabili name is "Sassaybe."

The KODDOO (*Strepsiceros capensis*) is one of the most striking of the South African antelopes, on account of his magnificent antlers. The adult male stands 5 ft at the shoulder, and is about 9 ft in extreme length. The body is somewhat heavily made, consequently he can be run down without difficulty, provided he is fallen in with on good riding-ground and that the hunters are well mounted. This, however, is a very rare incident, as koodoo frequent the thickets and woods on the banks of rivers, and I have never met with them in the open plain, unless they have been driven there by beaters or chased by wild animals. The head is short and well formed, with a somewhat square muzzle; and the ears are large and broad, but pointed at the tips. The horns are about 4 ft in extreme length, forming two complete spiral circles, diverging from each other in their ascent, like a corkscrew. The base is marked for some distance with slight wrinkles, but not annulated. The female is hornless. General colour, a greyish blue, marked with a white line along the spine beneath a brown mane, which extends almost to the tail. The flanks are marked with several white stripes running downwards to the belly,

which is white. The face is dark brown, with white under the horns and eyes; the beard is white; and the dewlap white, fringed with black hair. The Matabili name is "Eechlongole."

The ELAND (*Boselaphus orcas*) is the largest of the South African antelope, being equal in dimensions to a fine ox. A full-grown bull will measure 6 ft 6 in at the shoulder and about 12 ft in extreme length, and he is also proportionately ponderous in his build, and when fat and in good condition will weigh over 800 lb. He has a very blood-looking head, light and long, with massive forehead, broad muzzle, small, pointed ears, and large, brilliant, melting eyes. The neck is light, the shoulders deep, the withers elevated, and he has an ample pendulous dewlap, fringed with wavy brown hair. The horns, placed on the summit of the frontals, are about 2 ft in length, slightly divergent, nearly straight, and encircled by a spiral ring which ascends almost to the tips. The general colour is a greyish brown, and he has no suborbital sinus or lacrymary depression. The cow is much smaller than the bull, and has long and slender horns. The flesh of the eland is the best that can be obtained in Africa, being juicy, well-flavoured, and tender. The Hottentot name for the eland is "T'ganna," the Kaffir "Impoof."

The STEINBOK (*Tragulus rupestris*) is generally found in pairs



1. THE SASSAYBE.
2. THE KODOO.
3. THE ELAND.
4. THE STEINBOK. 5. THE REEBOK.



6. THE SPRINGBOK. 7. THE BLESBOK. 8. THE BONTBOK.
9. THE GEMSBOK. 10. THE HARTEBEEST. 11. THE BUSHBOK. 12. THE PALLAH.

in most of the South African hill ranges. The adult male is 20 in high at the shoulder, 22 in at the croup, and 3 ft in extreme length, standing very high on the legs. The head is short and oval, the muzzle black and pointed, the ears large and open, and the tail barely an inch long. The horns are about 4 in in length, slender, round, and pointed, with several wrinkles round the base. The general colour is tawny ash, with white under the belly and inside the legs. The Matabili name is "Ecoolah."

The REEBOK (*Redunca capensis*) is common amongst the hills and rocky ground in the neighbourhood of the Limpopo. The adult male stands about 2 ft 5 in at the shoulder, and is about 5 ft in extreme length. The horns are about 9 in in length, straight and sharply pointed, and annulated some distance from the base, with from ten to fifteen rings.

The SPRINGBOK (*Antelope eunochus*) derives its name from the extraordinary bounds that it makes when alarmed, it being capable of leaping six or seven feet in height without any difficulty. When moving or grazing they walk or trot like any other antelope. Confident in their fleetness, it is very amusing to see the contemptuous way in which they treat their pursuers, as they allow them to come near, and then, giving a bound and a snort, expand the hair on their backs and change colour, appearing white. They are extremely graceful creatures, jumping beautifully, with the head thrown back, the legs doubled quite under, and the body curved, so that they appear for the moment as if suspended in the air. Besides being one of the most beautiful of the South African antelopes,

it is also by far the most numerous, being often seen in herds numbering many thousands. The adult male stands 2 ft 8 in at the shoulder, 2 ft 10 in at the croup, and measures about 4 ft 10 in in extreme length. The horns are about 15 in in length, lyrate, with the points turning inwards. They are annulated with about twenty rings. The general colour is a rich cinnamon brown, and pure white upon the abdomen, the two colours being separated from each other by a broad band of reddish brown. The doe is smaller than the buck, and has slender horns, with a few indistinct rings at the base. The Kaffir and Bechuana name is "Tsepe."

The BLESBOK, or white-faced antelope (*Gazella albifrons*), is not uncommon all over the Matibili district and south of the Vaal river. The adult male stands 3 ft 8 in at the shoulder and measures 6 ft 4 in in extreme length. The head is long and narrow, with broad muzzle. The horns are 15 in in length and measures 6 ft 4 in in extreme length. The general colour, semi-annulated on the anterior edge. The general colour, chocolate, on the head and neck, bluish white on the back, chestnut along the sides and hind quarters, and white under the belly and inside the legs. It has all the appearance of being artificially painted. The Bechuana name is "Nummi."

The BONTBOK, pied antelope or painted goat (*Gazella pygargus*), is found in troops throughout the district between the Limpopo and the Zambesi. The adult male stands 3 ft 10 in at the shoulder, and measures 6 ft 6 in in extreme length. The head is ill-shaped, long, and narrow, with broad muzzle, and has always a white blaze down the face. The horns are 15 in

long, thick round the base, lyrate, divergent, and erect, with ten or twelve incomplete rings broken in the middle and striated between. The female has slender horns, similar in shape. The general colour is chocolate on the side of the head and neck, black on the sides, flanks, and forearms, bluish lilac on the back and withers, with a white triangular patch on the croup, white belly, white stockings, and white inside the legs.

The GEMSBOK, or South African oryx (*Oryx capensis*), is one of the handsomest of the antelopes of Southern Africa. The adult male stands 3 ft 10 in at the shoulder, and measures about 10 ft in extreme length. The head is very game looking, with black between the base of the horns and down the forehead, with two black stripes on each side the jaw. The ears are also fringed with black. The horns are from 3 ft to 4 ft in length, slightly bent backwards and annulated half way up from the base with from 25 to 30 rings. The general colour is buff, with black stripe along the back, widening over the croup and stretching down the forearms and hocks. Belly white, with black stripe running diagonally along the side. He has also a peculiar tuft of bristly black hair upon the larynx. The Matabili and Bechuana name is "Kookam."

The HARTEBEEST (*Aceronotus caama*) is one of the clumsiest of all the African antelopes, and it is not difficult to ride down. The adult male stands 5 ft at the withers, and measures about 9 ft in extreme length. The head is remarkably narrow, heavy, and long; the shoulders are very high, and the croup droops

considerably, so that the gait appears very awkward. The horns, 22in in length and slightly annulated, are seated on the summit of a beetling ridge above the frontals, very close together, and forming a double angular curve, with the sharp tips pointing backwards. The general colour is a bright orange sienna, with black stripe down the nose, and on each forearm and hock reaching down to the fetlocks. The Matabili name is "Intosel;" the Kafir and Bechuana, "Cama."

The Beshmok (*Tragelaphus sylvatica*) is generally found in the low bush near the coast. The adult male stands 2ft 8in at the shoulder, rather higher at the croup, and measures about 5ft 2in in extreme length. The head is somewhat like that of a goat, with the ears broad and rounded. The horns are 12in long, erect, spiral, and sub-lyrate, being twisted about the middle and sharp-pointed. The female is hornless. General colour, brilliant chestnut, with black or very dark brown band round the neck, and two white patches on each cheek and several on the flanks; the abdomen and inside the legs are white. They are generally found in pairs.

The PALLAH or Rooye-bok (*Epyceros melampus*) is found in the low bush of Bechuana land, and all over the district between the Limpopo and the Zambesi, in large herds. The adult male stands about 3ft 4in at the shoulder, and measures 6ft in extreme length. The horns are about 20in in length, lyrate in form, and annulated and striated for two thirds of their length, the rings being partially obliterated at the sides, with the tips smooth and polished. There is no trace of a suborbital sinus. The female is a much smaller animal, and hornless. The general colour is bay, with a black crescent-shaped mark on the croup, forming a dark streak down each flank. They have also a peculiar cushion of black hair between the hock and the fetlock.

(To be continued.)

THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

Our illustration on the preceding page represents a scene on the prairies near the Rocky Mountains, and a herd of cattle being attacked by a family of grizzly bears. The grizzly is unquestionably the most dangerous antagonist that is to be met with upon the American continent on account of his great tenacity of life. Nearly all the accidents that have occurred while hunting the grizzly have originated through the assailants being armed with small-bore rifles—weapons almost as much out of place with such an antagonist as they would be in shooting elephants. The curl upon the chest, the base of the ear, and the shoulder, rather far back and low down, are the most vital places to aim at. If the ground be suitable for riding, a steady horse will be found of great service to the hunter and materially lessen the danger he would otherwise run. That excellent sportsman Parker Gilmore gives the following account of one of his adventures with a grizzly:—"I had got sufficiently close to my sleeping-place to perceive the white smoke circling from the gradually expiring fire, when again I came across the grizzly's track, and so fresh that I felt sure its maker had been at the camp during my absence. In a moment I came to a resolution—the intruder must pay the penalty of his rashness or I perish in the attempt. What would that matter?—only one more unknown to be added to the thousands whose eyes have closed in unknown lands, although their mothers pray unceasingly for them, and day by day look for their return. On reaching the camp, I found my conjectures had been correct; the bear had been there during my absence, turned over the pack, and tried the flavour of both flaps and stirrup-leathers of my saddle. About a mile and a half from home—so camp is ever called, however humble its appurtenances—I came to a place where the grizzly had halted and scratched up the wild cranberries, which through all low-lying lands in this portion of the country are abundant; but it was evident that they were not sufficiently numerous or attractive to detain him long. Again striking the trail, I persistently followed it until I reached some thick timber, much covered with windfalls. Through such obstacles progress is naturally slow, and difficulties to your advance numerous. Moreover, in such a place one has to be doubly guarded, for on every side—in front, in rear—the upturned roots or labyrinth of semi-decayed limbs can be formed into an ambuscade. But Bruin was not a rifleman, and did not avail himself of these natural lurking-places, so I reached the further side of the belt of timber without seeing a foe, for which I was heartily thankful; but as I straddled the last log which intervened between me and the open land, not twenty yards to my front, I perceived the object of my search reared up to full length against a dead tree, as if endeavouring to ascertain how high he could reach. I had not a clear shot, for, although my quarry was facing me, the trunk of the deceased monarch of the woodlands was between me and him. From my foe's manner, I felt convinced that he was unaware of my presence. This I could have turned to advantage had a vital part been exposed. Long I stood in this awkward position, hoping that he would slue himself round; but such a movement seemed foreign to his intention. At length the grizzly lowered his hold of the tree till his fore paws were beneath the level of his head, when, turning to the left, he rested the jaw upon his foot, at the same moment obtaining the first view of me. Not a muscle of the bear's body moved, while the small pig-like eyes momentarily increased in the glow of their intensity. In that gaze there was no mistake; it clearly said, 'I will brook no intruder in my domain, and the life of him who is guilty of it shall pay the penalty.' It was a foolhardy or precipitous course to pursue. I would not do it now; no, nor even then, if starvation had not stared me in the face. I raised my gun, and took sight, hoping the ball would penetrate the neck near the junction of the head, but my eye and hand failed me, the bullet glanced off the weather-beaten tree-trunk, smashed a paw, ultimately glancing through the thick skin at the base of the quarry's ear. My foe fell, but in a moment after was on his legs, and, before I had time to think, came at me with headlong speed. His lower jaw interfered with the breast shot, for his mouth was wide open; still I fired, for I felt that only an instant existed between my being within his grasp; but the result was only a momentary recoil. I raised my gun to save my head, but it was sent flying into the bush, and I was prostrated. My sheath-knife, however, was at hand. One, two, three stabs, a spasmodic grasp and shudder of frame, and the wounded monster, trying to encircle me with his paws, sank slowly by my side. His left fore-foot was smashed to pieces and his lower jaw splintered, or I believe I never should have lived to narrate the death of the grizzly of the Black Hills."

ROYAL OPERA HOTEL, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN (WM. HOOG, Proprietor).—W. Hoog begs to inform his friends visiting the Theatres and the general public that the above hotel is open for their reception, under entire new management. Visitors from the country will find every comfort combined with economy at this old establishment. Ladies and gentlemen with children visiting the morning performances will find a very comfortable coffee-room and luncheons always ready. Dinners from the joint as usual. Good beds and private rooms. Public and private Billiard Rooms. A Night Porter.—[Advrt.]

Foreign Correspondence.

PARIS, March 24.

My notes concerning the French Turf will be very short this week, for, with the exception of the customary Sunday *réunion* at Auteuil, there are no events of interest to chronicle. The Prix de la Pélouse, with which the meeting opened, resulted in the victory of Altorf, the first favourite, a promising young horse belonging to J. Page. The Prix de l'Équinoxe fell, as everyone expected, to Count Delamarre's *Echevin*; while the Prix Talon gave rise to a spirited contest between Bolero and Tarbes, the former eventually triumphing by a length. The concluding race, the Prix du Chêne, was won by M. de St. Sauveurs's *Androclos*, who defeated Borchy and Coureuse de Neut in capital style, and displaying jumping capabilities that but few had ever imagined him to possess.

As usual, the Auteuil "ring" was lined with bookmakers' pickets; and *tableaux*, setting forth the various odds, were visible in every direction. Matters will be somewhat different next Sunday, for the Société des Steeplechases has resolved to restrain, if not totally to suppress, the lucrative business which "*ces messieurs*" of the Rue de Choiseul have hitherto driven on the Auteuil racecourse. Henceforth, for a bookmaker to be admitted to the Auteuil ring he will have to deposit a sum of £200 at the offices of the society; the tickets he delivers to his clients will have formally to specify the race, the horse, and the sum the bet is made for; and, finally, the money laid on non-starters will have to be refunded. Those refusing to comply with these regulations will be immediately expelled from the *pesage*. The adoption of these rules has caused no little sensation in the Rue de Choiseul, and many of the small offices will have to wind up their affairs, for it is only a certain number of firms that can afford to deposit the necessary £200 security. Our betting men are, moreover, threatened in another direction. It is said—I do not know with what degree of truth—that the Jockey Club does not intend to tolerate them at all at Longchamps. Should this be true, I fancy that the receipts of the Société d'Encouragement will be far less brilliant than was formerly the case.

Turning to things theatrical, I must mention that I was unable to attend the first performance of Jules Claretie's new comedy, *Les Ingrats*, which took place last night at the little Théâtre-Chenry; charming Mlle Camille (Fanfani-Benoit) making her début in the part of the heroine. I must, therefore, defer a critique of this piece until next week. Meanwhile I learn that it achieved a very creditable success. Yesterday evening Louis Davyl's clever comedy, *La Maîtresse Légitime*, was given for the hundredth time at the Odéon; the author and director entertaining the artists at supper after the performance. Another of yesterday's noteworthy theatrical events was the representation of 'Esther' at the Comédie Française, with Mlle. Favart in the leading rôle—a part which she has not played for many years, and in which she originally achieved one of her most memorable triumphs. Apropos of the Comédie-Française I may mention that the success of *La Fille de Roland* is complete, Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt and M. Mounet-Sully being repeatedly recalled by the audience. Curiously enough, when M. de Bormir's eloquent tragedy was accepted, none of the *sociétaires*, even those most favourable to it, counted on a great success; and M. Perrin, the *administrateur-général*, felt confident that it would not be played more than a dozen or fifteen times. Thanks, however, to the marked favour with which it has been received by the public, it will undoubtedly eventually achieve centenarian honours.

I have to allude this week to the performance at the Salle Taitbout of a short piece, entitled *Une Heure d'Oubli*, by M. Emile de Girardin. The eminent publiciste has sought in this trifle to expose in a dramatic form his views concerning the great social question, so repeatedly dealt with by his antagonist, Alex. Dumas fils. M. de Girardin's one-act drama did not meet with the favour of the public, which found it remarkably dry and monotonous. It is needless for me to relate the plot here. Suffice it to say that the theories sustained by the author are precisely those upheld by Beaumarchais in the *Mère Coupable*, which terminates, as we all recollect, by Almaviva and Rosina mutually forgiving each other. After this definitive failure of M. de Girardin as a playwright, I can only advise him to confine himself to journalism. His articles, full of paradoxes as they may be, are far more entertaining than his dramatic efforts.

M. Massenet's oratorio, *Eve* (he calls it a "mystery"), has achieved a certain success at the Cirque des Champs Elysées; still, it is not equal to the author's previous venture, *Marie Magdeleine*. M. Massenet's music is not of the purely religious school. There was already a certain—and perhaps not quite inappropriate—under-vein of sensuality in the *partition* of *Marie Magdeleine*; and this inclination for the profane is still more apparent in *Eve*. The serpent of Scripture is suppressed, and it is the insidious voice of Love, or rather Passion, that lures the mother of the human race from the path prescribed to her. The orchestral prelude which precedes the meeting of 'Adam' and 'Eve' is very charming, although more than once one notices that the composer has borrowed certain effects from Wagner's *Lohengrin*. The duet which follows is very carefully written, though, perhaps, somewhat too melancholic and scarcely sufficiently ideal. The chorus of the Voices of the Night merits the highest praise, as does that of the Voices of Nature, both of them being encored by the spectators. The third part of the oratorio is, however, not equal to the preceding parts; and the malediction with which it concludes—borrowed from the old Catholic chant of the Middle Ages, "*Dies Ire*"—is altogether disappointing. I should advise M. Massenet to re-write the third division of his "mystery." The two first parts are so poetical and so cleverly combined that one had a right to expect a finale of a more grandiose character.

The gratuitous afternoon performance of *Geneviève de Brabant* given by Offenbach, last Sunday, to the printers and composers of the Parisian press proved a very great success, and numerous bouquets, letters of thanks, and other expressions of gratitude have been forwarded to the maestro, his wife, and the leading artistes. The latter, it may be mentioned, refused to accept any remuneration for their services on this occasion.

In the course of a day or two the promised performance of *A Russian Marriage in the Sixteenth Century* will commence at the Salle Ventadour. The plot of MM. Loukhovine and Dutch's operatic drama may be briefly summed up in a few lines. At the epoch chosen by the author it was forbidden in Russia for a young man to see the face of his betrothed before the day fixed for the nuptial ceremony. The son of the Boyar, 'Goordeff,' meets, one day, a young girl, whose veil accidentally falls to the ground. She is marvellously beautiful, and he immediately falls in love with her, swearing he will never have any other woman for his wife. But, in virtue of the customs of the country, his father betrothes him to a young girl whose features he has never seen. He refuses to espouse her; threatens to commit suicide directly the ceremony is over; but 'Goordeff' is inexorable, and at length the marriage takes place. When the young wife eventually removes her veil, her husband discovers, to his surprise, that she is none other than the maiden he had met, and whom he

had sworn to marry. The scenery and costumes of the new piece are said to be magnificent; and the idea of forming an opera in the Russian language in Paris is so original that I have no doubt it will achieve a great success.

The Vaudeville will shortly change its bills, *La Pêche Miraculeuse* not attracting many spectators, and MM. Clairville and Dreyfus's *Revue des Deux Mondes* being very nearly ready for performance. Mlle. Massin will play the part of a journalist in this novelty, while Gabrielle Ellecine will imitate Thérèse, Mlle. Darcourt having courageously accepted the rôle of 'La Rosière de Nanterre!' As I am speaking of the Vaudeville I may mention that the directors, who are managing the theatre on the most economical principles, have now taken it into their heads to suppress the post of secretary.

Meilhac and Halévy have just completed a one-act comedy for the Variétés. It is entitled *Le Passage de Venus*, and the leading rôles will be interpreted by Dupuis and Baron.

Johann Strauss has arrived in Paris with the view of superintending the rehearsals of his operetta *La Reine Indigo*, which will shortly be performed at the Renaissance.

M. Halanzier, not having given a new work at the Opera during the course of the season, has been fined the sum of £80 by the Société des Auteurs et Compositeurs Dramatiques. He has paid the money under protest.

Madame Peschard, the talented songstress of the Bouffes, will leave that theatre for the Renaissance on the 1st of September next. She has been engaged by M. Hostein as *prima donna assoluta*, at a salary of 6000f. per month, or £2880 per annum. Her departure will be a very great loss for the Bouffes, and I am surprised that M. Comte should not have made her a lucrative offer to stop. Thanks to an engagement contracted some time ago, he has hitherto paid her but a small salary for her services. Madame Peschard's rival, Judic, is now playing at St. Petersburg, where she has achieved an overwhelming triumph in the *Timbal d'Argent*, the enraptured audience recalling her no less than *twenty times*, and overwhelming her with a veritable avalanche of bouquets. *Décidément* Russia is the theatrical profession's terrestrial paradise! You will probably have heard that la Patti has as yet been unable to start for Vienna, her husband, the Marquis de Caux, lying dangerously ill at St. Petersburg.

The question of the theatrical poor rate is once more on the tapis. M. Ballande recently brought an action against the Assistance Publique, with the view of being exempted from paying the obnoxious tax for the *matinées* which he occasionally gives at the Porte St. Martin. The Tribunal has, however, decided against him. This theatrical poor rate furnishes the Poor Relief Administration with nearly £80,000 per annum. I may mention that the Paris Municipal Council has the matter under discussion just now. All the theatrical managers complain that the tax is too high. As you are probably aware, it is 10 per cent on the gross receipts.

M. Theodore Michaelis, the international agent of the Société des Auteurs et Compositeurs Dramatiques, proposes to give a prize of £400 for a drama *apropos* of the war of American independence. He promises to have it performed, and to divide the profits with the writer. A committee of authors, presided over by M. Victor Hugo, has been established, with the view of examining the works that may be forwarded for inspection. The drama must be in French and in prose. It will have to be completed by the commencement of next spring. Here is a chance for some of this city's aspiring young playwrights!

E. A. V.

NEW YORK, March 13, 1875.

There are some twenty theatres open at the present time in New York, and at the majority of them there are plays which have been received with such favour that, though the general business of the country is in a very depressed condition, the theatrical treasures are full and the theatrical managers jubilant. At Wallack's theatre—which bears the reputation of being our standard theatre—Mr. Boucicault's Irish drama of the *Shaughraun* is running to a continuous succession of crowded houses, albeit that it has already been performed some one hundred and thirty times. The play itself is really the cleverest drama of the kind that Mr. Boucicault has written; and it is but simple justice to him to state that his personation of the vagabond hero is a most masterly character embodiment. General opinion coincides with this view of the case, for on last Saturday evening a large deputation of citizens waited upon him at the theatre, and during the performance of the play presented him with a very admirable statuette of himself as the 'Shaughraun,' Judge Brady making the presentation with some very complimentary remarks. Though the course of the play itself has been uninterruptedly prosperous, the author has not escaped from those difficulties which seem to beset him wherever he goes. The success of the piece, in the first place, induced the manager of one of the "variety" theatres to prepare a burlesque on it; and he burlesqued not only the play, but Mr. Boucicault himself, in announcing its author as the writer of more plays than Mr. Boucicault's modesty allowed him to claim, when he originally announced the *Shaughraun*. This aroused Mr. Boucicault's combativeness, so he sought legal redress, and succeeded in suppressing the burlesque. No sooner, however, was the burlesque affair settled than he became involved with Mr. Josh Hart, the manager of another "variety" theatre (the Theatre Comique), concerning a one-act drama, called the *Shibbeah*, which he (Mr. Boucicault) claimed was an absolute piracy from the *Shaughraun* in characters, dialogue, and incidents. Mr. Hart, however, was of as litigious a disposition as Mr. Boucicault, and the affair got into the courts. Mr. Hart endeavoured to prove that Mr. Boucicault appropriated the play from a drama of Wybert Reeve's, from which he frankly stated he had arranged the *Shibbeah*; but this allegation Mr. Boucicault denied, and brought Mr. Reeve himself to prove that such was not the case. After several days of legal quarrelling, Mr. Hart was also restrained from performing the *Shibbeah*, thus leaving the indomitable Boucicault master of the situation, which position he purposes to keep, as he will not dispose of the rights to perform the *Shaughraun* to anyone here, but will himself carry it through the country, playing a series of stray engagements in it.

At Booth's Theatre Shakespeare's play of *King Henry the Fifth* is being performed with great success, and Mr. George Rignold, one of your London actors, has invested himself with much popular favour in the part of 'King Harry.' His manly style of action and speaking, allied with his fine presence, has rendered him a particular favourite with the ladies, who go into the most ecstatic eulogies over him, though there exists some difference of opinion as to whether the gentle and poetic Montague, who is playing in *The Shaughraun*, does not win more hearts. At the Fifth Avenue Theatre, where French comedies, or, as they are called here, "society" plays, are a specialty, they are performing a very trashy piece called *The Big Bonanza*, which is understood to be a localised adaptation from the German. It is very showily presented, and in the course of its performance calls attention to the goods of several well-known merchants; so that one of the critics has dubbed it, very justly, "a comedy of contemporaneous local advertisement."

Madame Ristori, the great Italian tragedienne, who is

embarked on a farewell tour of the world, is playing a very prosperous engagement at the Lyceum Theatre. She has already appeared in *Elizabeth*, *Marie Stuart*, *Medea*, and *Lucrezia Borgia*, and promises before her departure to appear in *Marie Antoinette* and a new play by Giacommetti, entitled *Renata di Francia*; besides giving us a performance or two of the sleep-walking scene from *Macbeth*, delivered in English. She was preceded there by Mr. Toole, whose talents are not very highly appreciated here, although the genial nature of the man has made him many friends.

Lecocq's merry opera of *Giroflé-Girofla* is another performance enjoying popular favour at the Park theatre, whence, however, it will be shortly withdrawn. At the Union-square Theatre Mr. Hart Jackson's translation of M. d'Ennery's *Les Deux Orphelins* has nearly reached its one hundredth performance without, apparently, losing any of its original attractiveness.

The Grand Opera-House, the largest as well as the most elegant and unfortunate of our theatres, has been closed since the Christmas holidays, but is to be reopened on Easter Monday with a grand spectacular piece, called "Ahmed," which is understood to be the work of a wealthy Californian lady, named Mrs. Dunn, who is laying out large sums of money in its preparation. Mr. Matt Morgan, one of your English painters now resident here, is engaged upon the scenery, which is to be one of the prime features of the play.

The other theatres are not enjoying such prosperity as those I have mentioned, but are, nevertheless, in a paying condition. As for variety, we only need Italian opera to make the list complete; for at the present time there are two German theatres open, one where performances in French are given and one devoted to Italian representations, besides the number where the English language is spoken. Dromio.

Hunting.

THE CRISIS IN THE HERTFORDSHIRE HUNT.

It appears that the Hertfordshire Hunt, so far from being re-established, has relapsed into a state of chaos, and that the demise of the late lamented Mr. Leigh is a loss indeed irremediable. The huntsman Ward, a few years since the reverse of popular, has during the last few seasons become the idol of the farmers. Perhaps no hunt in the kingdom can boast of more substantial or highly respectable yeomen than the representatives of this class in Herts and Beds—many of them good sportsmen, and hitherto held not deficient in common sense or intelligence. All at once they have plunged into grievous error. In ultra-republican spirit, taking the matter into their own hands, they resolved that they "would have no king but Cæsar."

Mr. Platt, the new master, on visiting the kennels to take stock of Ward, at once referred to the committee, to whose opinion he had agreed to defer, with regard to retaining him in his office. He stated that he was prepared to behold a mighty man, but not a Goliath of Gath. He was aware that, with three horses out—none of them under, and some over, 500gs—Ward can stick marvellously to hounds, no finer horseman existing, and having few equals in negotiating fences or nursing a horse over a country; but, despairing of ability to mount him, begged to appoint his own substitute. The committee, being divided on the subject, left Mr. Platt free to follow his own course. Forthwith a letter was dictated by Mr. Platt, which Ward produced at the meet at Willian, on Monday, the 8th inst., conveying his dismissal and announcing the engagement of his successor.

Without pausing to learn how far Mr. Platt has fulfilled his agreement, soon after noon on the next day, Tuesday, the 9th, no fewer than eighty to one hundred farmers frequenting the Hitchin market assembled at the Sun Inn, to protest against any such exercise of the new master's prerogative. This was followed on the 13th by meetings of the same tenour at St. Albans and Hemel Hempstead, terminating in the following resolution, unanimously carried, and addressed to Mr. Platt:—"That this meeting views with regret the summary dismissal of Charles Ward as an injustice to an old and valued servant, whose unflagging exertions for more than seventeen years have met with general satisfaction." This necessarily resulted in Mr. Platt's immediate resignation of the office so recently accepted by him, as authentically announced, with the cause, in the *Morning Post* of the 17th. "Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat."

A greater act of insanity was never perpetrated by any body of men capable of reason. Granted that the yeomen might feel—according to unusual but unobjectionable precedent in the Puckeridge country—that they should have had opportunity of expressing their views on the election of a new master, on what principle could they arrogate to themselves the right, without a word to their landlords or any gentlemen of the hunt, of revolutionising all that had been done by those actuated by only one desire—that of doing the best in their power for the benefit of all classes? There is no question as to the general desire to retain Ward; but these impulsive or misguided farmers—ignoring the fact that the country was previously offered to two noblemen, neither of whom could have mounted, or would have thought of mounting, Ward—assume the right of thrusting their own choice upon a young stranger, "a thing no fellah could understand," or submit to.

The question as to Mr. Platt's personal qualifications—whether he might be likely to give satisfaction or otherwise—had no reference to the case. Mr. Platt might have exercised sounder discretion if, instead of abruptly dismissing so great a favourite of the country, he had resolved, at a sacrifice, to retain him at least for one season, especially as Ward's horses are all effective and might probably be purchased at less than ruinous prices. "The Owners and Occupiers of Land," convened at St. Albans, might also have been blameless had they addressed a respectful request to the new master to reconsider a decision so unacceptable, and exhibited some show of reason had they promised to obviate the difficulty by raising a sum towards the purchase of the horses essential to their purpose. It is due to Ward to state that he was no party, directly or indirectly, to these Communistic proceedings. His only remark on the subject was that "every gentleman might be expected to choose his own servant."

The object of these meetings is, as before observed, past understanding. The result is, unhappily, but too obvious—the country will be without foxhounds. Those who cannot reach neighbouring packs must henceforth be content to lie in the beds they have made for themselves, or follow the hare or the stag.—*Morning Post*.

THE WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS.—The Warwickshire Hunt have made arrangements with Mr. Spencer Lacy, of Charlecote, to continue the mastership of the Warwickshire Hounds and hunt the country next season. In consequence of the increased cost of forage, horses, and wages, the members of the hunt have agreed to guarantee Mr. Lacy another £250 a year, thus raising the total amount to £1900, with the promise that, if possible, the subscriptions shall be increased to £2500.

STUD NEWS.

At Sheffield Lane Paddocks, Sheffield, on March 13, Mr. Johnstone's Maid of the Glen, a bay filly by Adventurer, and will be put to him again. 16th, Mr. J. Osborne's Minaret, a bay filly by Pretender, and will be put to Adventurer. 17th, Mr. Johnstone's Fair Melrose, a bay filly by Rosicrucian, and will be put to Tynedale; Mr. Johnstone's Harebell, a bay filly by Tynedale, and will be put to him again.

HURSTBOURNE PARK, WHITCHURCH, HANTS.—The following mares have arrived to Albert Victor:—March 15, Mr. Theobald's Thais, a bay filly by Mogador. 16th, Sir Thomas Lennard's Queen Mary, a bay or brown colt. 17th, Sir Richard Sutton's mare by Elland out of Village Lass, a bay colt. 15th, Mr. Thomas Stevens's Ethelinda, a bay colt, and will be put to Lord Lyon. General De Salis's Giantess arrived to Lord Lyon.

At Woodfield Stud Farm, Feb. 9, The Selected, by Umpire, a chestnut filly by Distin, and put to him again. 11th, Lizzie, by Theon, a bay or brown filly by Distin. March 4, Cosette, by King Tom, a chestnut colt by Distin. 8th, Queen of the Gipsies, by Scottish Chief, a bay colt by Distin. 9th, West Australian mare out of Victorious's dam, a brown filly by Blinkhoolie. These mares will be put to Distin. Arrived to Distin: The Hon. Mr. Pennant's Lady Hampton, barren to Distin; and Mr. W. S. Halford's Célérité, by Breadalbane, in foal to Wild Moor.

At Woodland's Stud Farm, Major Monk's Beauty, a chestnut colt by Stentor, and will be put to him again; Mr. Chapman's Influence, by Underhand, a brown filly by Macgregor, and will be put to him again; Mr. John W. Annett's Emerald (dam of Snowdrop), in foal to Sledmere; Isabel (dam of St. Vincent, &c.), by Hobbie Noble out of Birdhill's dam, a bay filly by Stentor, and will be put to Macgregor. Arrived to Macgregor: Mr. G. Heslop's Bonny Blink (dam of Hawthornden, winner of the St. Leger), by Flying Dutchman, in foal to Lord Clifden; Nebula, by Longbow, in foal to Macgregor; Mr. Henry Annett's Countess (maiden), by Voltigeur; Mr. Harrison's Fickle, by Dundee, and filly by Voltigeur out of Fickle; Mr. Frizell's Saunterer mare. Arrived to Stentor: Arabella, by Fandango out of Lecturer's dam, in foal to Stentor; Mr. A. Duncombe Shaffo's Minna, by Buccaneer, with foal by Palmer. Arrived to Idus: Helia, by Phlegon out of Potestas, and Lady Graham, by Yellow Jack, both in foal to Macgregor. Arrived to Hesper: Maid of Sparta, in foal to Hesper; Dr. Bolton's mare by Pineapple.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will, dated Feb. 25, 1874, of Sir Charles Lyell, Bart., late of No. 73, Harley-street, and of Kinordy, Forfar, who died on the 22nd ult., was proved on the 9th inst. by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Katharina Murray Lyell, and his nephew, Leonard Lyell, the surviving executors, the personal estate being sworn under £30,000. The testator gives to the Geological Society of London the die executed by Mr. Leonard Wyon of a medal to be cast in bronze, to be given annually and called the Lyell medal, to be regarded as a mark of honorary distinction and as an expression on the part of the governing body of the society that the medallist (who may be of any country or either sex) has deserved well of the science. He further gives to the said society the sum of £2000 (free of legacy duty), to be paid to the president and treasurer for the time being, and he directs the said sum to be invested in the name of the society, or of the trustees thereof, in such securities as the council shall from time to time think proper, and that the annual interest arising therefrom shall be appropriated and applied in the following manner, not less than one third of the annual interest to accompany the medal, the remaining interest to be given in one or more portions, at the discretion of the Council for the Encouragement of Geology, or of any of the allied sciences, by which they shall consider geology to have been most materially advanced, either for travelling expenses or for a memoir or paper published or in progress, and without reference to the sex or nationality of the author or the language in which it may be written, and declares that the council of the society shall be the sole judges of the merits of the memoirs or papers for which they may vote the medal and fund from time to time. Testator bequeaths legacies to his housekeeper, secretary, and reader, and the residue he distributes between his brothers and sisters, sister-in-law, his brother Henry's children, Leonora Pertz, and the sisters of his late wife.

The will, dated April 16, 1862, of Lord George John Manners, formerly of Hamilton-place, Piccadilly, but late of Princes-gate, South Kensington, who died at Cheveley Park, Cambridgeshire, on Sept. 8 last, was proved on the 10th inst. by Lady Adeliza Matilda Manners, the widow and sole executrix, to whom he devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate for her own absolute use and benefit. The personalty is sworn under £16,000.

The will, dated July 15, 1861, of Dame Rachael Talfourd, formerly of Russell-square, but late of St. Peter's, near Margate, who died on the 12th ult., was proved on the 15th inst. by the Rev. William Wordsworth Talfourd and Thomas Noon Talfourd, the sons, the surviving executors, the personal estate being sworn under £14,000. The testatrix devises and bequeaths her property equally among all her children and the issue of such as may die in her lifetime, who are to take their parents' share.

The will of Mr. James Young, late of Bournemouth, was proved on the 8th inst. by his brother, Dr. A. C. Young, and his nephew, James Young Stephen, two of his executors, the personal estate being sworn under £16,000. The testator leaves, amongst other small legacies, the following:—"The sum of £100 to John Stenhouse, M.D., F.R.S., to show my appreciation of his services to the country by his great discovery of charcoal as an air-filterer." The whole of the remainder of his property he leaves to his executors in trust for his wife during life or widowhood, with remainder to his three nephews, the three sons of his half-sister, Isabella Stephen, wife of Oscar Leslie Stephen, Esq., of Bardon Hall, Leicestershire, and the eldest surviving son of his half-brother, William Birkmyr, of Melbourne, Australia.

(From the "Illustrated London News," March 27, 1875.)

LAW.

WHO IS COLONEL CORDOVA?

WADDY V. DAVENPORT.—At the Westminster County Court, on Tuesday last, this case was heard before the presiding Judge, in which the plaintiff, a gentleman of 3, Essex-court, Temple, sued the defendant to recover the sum of £15 on a dishonoured cheque. Mr. William White Maitland appeared, and said he objected to the service, as the officer, who knew him from former cases in this court, gave him the summons, which he appeared on the present occasion solely to object to. Mr. Alsop appeared for the plaintiff, who elicited in cross-examination that the witness was engaged in theatrical business, and had not been a tailor for two years, and resided at 96, Regent-street, and did not trade as Maitland and Co., of Jernyn-street, as Mr. James Ed. Noble carried on the business and took all the profits, and that the cheque was signed by his sister-in-law, and was paid in part discount on a bill of exchange for £50. In further cross-

examination it was stated by the defendant that he was Colonel Cordova, in connection with Miss Dolly Dumas, and received 75 per cent of the net profits of the entertainment. He had used the name of Colonel Cordova in America, but had not received any remuneration at present from the exhibition. By the Judge: Mr. Noble has all the profit of the business in Jernyn-street. The cheque was signed by my sister-in-law, as Henry Davenport and Co., and she resides with me at 96, Regent-street. After some remarks by Mr. Alsop, the learned Judge said he would adjourn the case till April 9, when Mr. Alsop proposed to subpoena Mr. Noble for that purpose. His Honour reserved the costs.

At Westminster, on Monday, Mr. Henry Blackburn, residing at Gloucester-grove, Brompton, was charged with being disorderly at George-street, Chelsea. It appeared that at half-past ten on Saturday night a constable was called to the Court Theatre and asked to remove the prisoner, who was creating a disturbance. A crowd collected, and as the defendant would not go away he was locked up. A solicitor, who appeared for the defence, said the matter was a trifling one. The defendant and other gentlemen had a box at the theatre, and paid for it. They left the house for a short time, and, as they did so, jocosely remarked to the officials that the piece was very bad. When they returned they were refused admittance, and the defendant naturally was annoyed at such disgraceful treatment. Mr. Woolrych at once discharged the defendant.

THE filly (2 yrs) by The Miner out of Miss Harriet has arrived at T. Stevens's, Chilton, to be trained for her engagements.

MR. CHAPLIN's motion to call attention to the report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords in 1873 on horses has been postponed until after the Easter recess, when Mr. Disraeli has promised to give him a day.

NORTHAMPTON RACES.—A pony match for £50 a side has been arranged to take place at Northampton, on the first day of the races, between Mrs. Willin's Maid of Trent, and Mr. Cox's Game Chicken; distance 1 mile, 8st 7lb each.

PIGEON-SHOOTING.—A day's pigeon-shooting has just taken place at the ground of the Bois de Boulogne. The principal prize, a sweepstakes, was won by M. Joseph Hottinguer, who killed six birds out of seven; the second prize fell to Count O. de Montesquieu, with six in nine; whilst the third was divided between Sir R. Musgrave and M. Vansittart, with five in nine. Other matches were won by M. Hottinguer, Count de Montesquieu, Captain Fane, and Viscount Martel de Janville.

MUNDEN.—This horse was disqualified, after winning the Nottingham Spring Handicap, on account of carrying 3lb over weight, instead of only 1lb, as declared. The following is the rule having reference to the point in question:—"Each jockey shall be allowed 2lb above the weight specified for his horse to carry, and no more, unless a declaration has been made to the Clerk of the Scales of the extra weight the jockey is about to carry one half an hour before the time fixed for the said race, and the extra weight shall be appended to the horse's number when it is put up. In default of such declaration the horse carrying more than 2lb over his specified weight shall be placed as the last horse in the race, the jockey shall be fined £5 for his neglect, and shall not be allowed to ride until the said fine be paid; and the weight each horse actually carried, if more than 2lb above his weight, shall be published in the first list printed after the race, and also in the *Racing Calendar*."

ATTEUIL STEPLECHASES.—Sunday, March 21.—Results:—Prix de la Pélouse: Mr. J. Page's Altorf, by Pace out of Amaranth (Owner), first; Clairvoyant, second; La Grone, third. Pharaide also ran. Won by two lengths. Prix de l'Équinox: Count Delamarre's Echevin, by Marksman out of Eponine (Anthony), first; Conde, second; Atropos, third. Six ran, and Androcles fell. Won by three lengths. Prix Talon: Comte de St. Sauveur's Bolero, by Fitzroland out of Cachuca (Page), first; Contrebande, second; Tarbes, third. Sarcolite also ran. Won by five lengths. Prix du Chêne: Comte de St. Sauveur's Androcles, by Dollar out of Alabama (Taylor), first; Borely, second; Coureuse de Nuit, third. Nine ran. Won by two lengths.

LIVERPOOL HUNT CLUB MEETING.—Saturday, March 20.—Held over the Club course at Hoylake. Results:—Tally-ho Stakes: Fairyland, by Colsterdale out of Mrs. Taft (Mr. Cunningham), first; Iona, second; Revenge, third. Won by a length. Liverpool Hunt Club Spring Welter Handicap: Cobham, by Macaroni out of Reginella (Mr. Spence), first; His Grace, second; Calvados, third. Won by four lengths. Hunters' Steeplechase: Northern Light, by Turnus, dam by Sir Hercules (Major Buckley), first; Gazelle, second. Won by a head. Liverpool Hunt Club Open Spring Handicap Steeplechase: Purity, by Soapstone out of La Dauphine (Mr. Poinons), first; Ladykiller, second. Open Hunters' Flat Race: Black Joe, by Houlston out of Thespia (Mr. Spence), first; Magician, second; Fairyland, third. Won by a length.

THE colt by Man at Arms out of Fusée, 3 yrs, has been struck out of all engagements. He had been entered for three races at Eltham—the Kentish Handicap, Eltham Welter Handicap Plate, and the Camden Park Handicap.

STALLIONS IN INDIA.—We hear that Major Stewart, the Military Assistant, purchased at Mr. Downall's sale, lately held at Madras, those well-known racehorses The Quack and Disturbance, the former at a cost of £450 and the latter for £250. The animals have been bought on behalf of the Mysore Government for stud purposes, and will be located for the future in the dépôt at Kunigul. The local administration does certainly deserve great praise for the efforts being made and the money annually expended with a view to improve the breed of the horse in this part of India. In time, we have no doubt, a really superior animal will be produced. Major Stewart, we need hardly remark, is a thorough admirer of the horse, and his efforts, we sincerely trust, in the above direction will be crowned with the most perfect success.—*Bangalore Spectator*.

SCULLERS' RACE FOR £100 A SIDE.—On Tuesday afternoon William Spencer, of Chelsea, and James Griffiths, of Wandsworth, watermen, rowed from Putney to Hammersmith Bridge for £100 a side. Both are well known to the aquatic world, Spencer having won seven or eight races without a check at twenty-nine years of age, and the other having been signally unsuccessful during his career, which has been much shorter. Mr. F. S. Gulston, of the London Rowing Club, was the referee, and Spencer was piloted by George Drewitt, while the champion (Joseph Sadler) looked after the other. Betting was 5 to 4 on Spencer at the start, but as soon as they had been cast off the skiffs that held them Griffiths went away at a rapid pace, and the betting turned to 2 to 1 on him as they cleared the point, where he led by two lengths. Spencer, however, whose forte is not in short distances, here began to rapidly pull up, and, in spite of the exertions of Griffiths, he forged well ahead and won a well-contested race by at least three lengths easily.

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S COUGH POWDERS.—To be had of chemists, 2s. 6d. per box, eight powders. These powders will be found the best remedy for horses' coughs, colds, sore throats, influenza, &c., and, as they are given in a bran mash, will be found the best means of giving medicines and obviating the danger of choking, so liable in giving a ball when horses are suffering from sore throat, &c.—[ADVT.]

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Full particulars will appear in due time.

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